

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3697. Vol. 142.

4 September 1926

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT met on Monday to vote a continuance of the Emergency Regulations, and took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to discuss the coal deadlock. Though nothing tangible came of the discussion, the atmosphere was considerably clarified, and the position of the Government was made reassuringly plain. In his speech in the House on Tuesday—as in his attitude at the Government meeting with the miners' officials last week—Mr. Churchill, speaking for the Government, was extremely conciliatory. On both occasions he threw out hint after hint to the miners, almost begging them to be reasonable, and assuring them emphatically that if they would only face the facts and produce definite proposals (even through an intermediary) the Government would make a ready response.

The burden of the Chancellor's speech was, "We must have an offer." That is obviously true. He implied that the Government were in

favour of a national agreement, with district variations, promised that they would push ahead with reorganization, and said that "the question of hours and wages ought to be at any rate so far interchangeable that the mining population might have the right of deciding in which form they wished the economic necessity to be met." This last is an exceedingly important pronouncement. Whether by using the phrase "the mining population" the Government has in mind a national choice on this important matter of wages or hours, or whether it implies choice by districts is not clear, but in either case it is an attitude that favours the men, for the decision is left with them. No terms could be fairer to them than these. After their prolonged refusal to negotiate they may consider themselves fortunate to find the Government so accommodating. They can get their national settlement, they can get reorganization, and they can take their choice of lower wages or longer hours. The *Daily Herald* has admitted that they lost their opportunity when they refused the Samuel Memorandum. If they do not produce more or less definite proposals in response to the Government's generous invitation, they will be fools. This is their last chance.

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It is the owners' turn to be obstinate. They have informed the Government that it is no longer in their power to meet the miners nationally. Last April they took the same line, but under pressure from Mr. Baldwin reluctantly agreed to national negotiations. Now that they have reverted to their demand for district settlements, pressure should again be put on them. Probably it will be. Both sides have got to make concessions. In a leading article we suggest that the duty of the Government is now to formulate its own ideas of a reasonable settlement and to enforce it on the parties to the dispute by the process of marshalling public opinion in its favour. It is extremely unlikely, however, that they will take any steps unless and until the miners produce some proposals.

It now seems certain that Germany will be elected to membership of the League and to a permanent seat on the Council. Thus the errors of last March will be repaired. The situation was to some extent saved by Italy withdrawing her support of the Spanish claim to a permanent seat. Poland has declared herself satisfied with the form of compromise devised to secure her a semi-permanent seat for three years, with a guarantee of re-eligibility for a further period of three years; but not so Spain, who has held out for full legal permanency "with the label on the bottle," as the Spanish Ambassador to Paris termed it. Last Wednesday the League bent its efforts towards inducing Spain to reconsider her attitude, and genuine tributes to her work for the League were paid by the representatives of many countries, particularly those of the South American nations. It is not known, as we write, whether she will heed these entreaties or whether she will adhere to her intention to follow the example of Brazil and withdraw from the League if she cannot get her way.

The great point gained is the assurance of Germany's admission, and against that the risk to the League of the possible defection of Spain must be regarded as of less importance. Nevertheless the loss would be serious. The contributions of Spain—the greatest of the war neutrals—to the success of the League have been real, and should she decide (as we trust she will not) to withdraw, her assistance will be greatly missed. Nor is it possible to overlook the danger of having her outside the League's control. Spain has concluded an important treaty with Italy, and the perils resulting from a treaty between two powers, one of whom is outside and apart from the control of the League, must be obvious. It is a melancholy reflection that if Spain does leave the League the blame for the miserable misunderstanding which began the controversy is largely due to the ill-judged promises of our own Foreign Secretary.

The meeting of the three legal experts, Sir Cecil Hurst, M. Fromageot and Dr. Gauss, resulted in an amendment to the compromise of the "semi-

permanent" seats. The amendment, designed to grant Poland greater security of re-election, is an extremely subtle one and gives the Assembly the right to declare a State eligible for re-election for a further period of three years at the same time as that State is originally elected. To this plan the Scandinavian delegates have agreed with reluctance, and only on the strict condition that it shall be an exception, for this one occasion. The general rule is to be that a State with a semi-permanent seat shall become eligible for re-election only at the expiration of its normal term of three years, and on grounds of its good services to the League. It is possible to see in this arrangement, made to suit Poland and save the face of France, the seeds of an even fiercer controversy when Poland's six years of office shall have expired, but the danger is largely illusory. Because Poland is next week declared re-eligible for election, when her first period has expired, it does not follow that when the time comes she will be re-elected.

The British and French Governments have lost no time in replying to the Spanish claim for Tangier. They point out firmly and politely that Geneva is not the place nor is the immediate future the time for the discussion of so intricate a problem. But they promise to do their best to get the other signatories of the Tangier Convention to come to an agreement on the future status of the territory so that the international regime can be efficiently run and the present muddle and deadlock cleared up. This is the correct attitude to adopt towards the proposal of the Spanish Government. But it puts Spain in a rather delicate position. If there is any prospect in the future of Tangier being converted into a League Mandate, it is obvious that Spain must remain a member of the League if she is to have a chance of securing the mandate. But if she remains in the League for this purpose and later finds that Tangier is not awarded to her in any form, she will feel extremely aggrieved at having swallowed her pride to no purpose.

The French have yielded to public opinion so far as to appoint a civilian administrator of Syria in place of M. de Jouvenel. It had been their previous intention to appoint a soldier with the avowed intention of tightening up the military control of the country. M. Henri Ponsot has been appointed to the post. This is a step in the right direction, but it will not mean much until the methods of the military in the neighbourhood of Damascus are very drastically changed. It will take the West a very long time to live down the destruction of the great oasis outside the city and the bombardment of the town itself. In the meantime, that mysterious individual, Captain Gordon Canning, has transferred his activities from the Riffs to Syria. Who or what he is representing no one knows, but if he has the same success in stiffening the Syrians as he claims to have had in stiffening the Riffs, the task of the French will not be made any easier.

The resignation of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane from the British Medical Association is a sign and a portent. For the incident which led to that resignation Sir William himself was not responsible. A published portrait had appeared on a menu card, together with certain recommendations on the subject of diet. The portrait had been published without Sir William's sanction, and the New Health Society, of which he is president, at once requested the firm responsible for its publication to obliterate it. This was accordingly done, and Sir William expressed his regret to the B.M.A. for the occurrence. The B.M.A., however, it is understood, were not satisfied with the apology, and Sir William has accordingly withdrawn from that body. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that this extremely well-organized trade union was awaiting its opportunity, and that once again public utility has been sacrificed to private interest. The health of the community is surely a matter of greater moment than the fees of a certain number of physicians, and we hope that Sir William will now be able to pursue unimpeded the work upon which he has been engaged for some months past.

The "Come to England" movement is an altogether commendable and somewhat overdue effort to attract to this country those classes of foreign travellers hitherto rather poorly represented among our visitors. If its directors are wise they will avoid the mistake made with the "Brighter London" movement, which was started under auspices so thoroughly representative that a close imitation of paralysis followed. It is not necessary that every conceivable interest should be represented on the directorate of the movement. A score of men of the world, with an understanding of what the normal traveller requires of a country he is visiting for pleasure, can do more to popularize England as a resort than a multitude of counsellors, some of whom will be found in opposition to every form of propaganda suggested. The Government, especially as far as Mr. Samuel is concerned, is very sympathetic, but it can aid the movement best by removing the petty restrictions which have survived from the war.

During the past seven days the English Channel has twice again been swum: once by Mrs. Corson, an American, in 15½ hours, and once by Ernst Vierkötter, a German, who did it in the remarkable time of 12 hours 40 minutes, thus beating all previous "records," including that of Miss Ederle, whose time was 14½ hours. If this kind of thing goes on we shall no doubt soon be having international cross-Channel swimming matches, with visiting American teams, and the familiar Press campaigns. Two things are apparent from the comparative frequency with which the Channel is now swum and the speed at which the feat is effected. First, that it is easier to cross from France to England than vice versa (all of the last six have started from France) and

secondly that the modern stroke, and possibly modern methods of organization, greatly improve the chances of success. A new incentive to Channel aspirants is now provided by the lure of music-hall contracts—"Positively the First Mother to Swim the Channel." The Press with its passion for "records" (Vierkötter's success was heralded by one newspaper as the more remarkable, apparently, because he had once been a baker's boy) seems to have overlooked the fact that Miss Ederle was not only the first woman to swim the Channel, but also the first daughter to do so. And for all we know, Vierkötter may have been the first uncle.

The extent to which the press-agent and the publicity "expert" get their "puffs" into the news columns of newspapers is becoming quite a menace to the prestige of the British Press. Gradually, unless he is checked, the press-agent will kill journalism with stupidity. The trouble is that "news items" which the instructed know well enough how to take are accepted by the more innocent of the public at their face value. But is anyone so innocent as to suppose that the astounding reports of the scenes following the death of Rudolph Valentino will not react to the benefit of the company that controls the films in which he "features," or that this fact and the fact of the scenes and their treatment in the Press are unconnected? Or that the music-hall actress who, as we have been told in the papers, recently refused to say "Hell" on the stage, did not earn (unwittingly, we feel sure) the gratitude of the management for providing them with a heaven-sent "story"? We are astonished that editors "fell" for it.

The late York Powell once remarked that it was a pity that instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing upon Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had not landed upon the Pilgrim Fathers. That view, it appears, is not universally shared. On Wednesday last the annual "Pilgrim Fathers" sermon was preached in London by the Rev. Dr. L. H. Hough, a minister from Detroit, Michigan. The preacher wisely confined himself to generalities. Had he descended to the particular he might have pointed out that the men of the *Mayflower* had little to learn in the matter of religious persecution from their English preceptors. The protagonists of freedom were in the habit of adopting strange methods in the pursuit of their ideal. We learn from one historian that in seventeenth-century America "bonds and imprisonment awaited all Baptists," and from another that "the very captains of vessels were flogged for bringing Quakers into port, and that every Roman priest who returned after one expulsion was put to death." There are indications that the old Puritan spirit still survives in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The religious history of the United States might not unfairly be described as a Pilgrim's progress from persecution to prohibition.

THE CHANCES OF PEACE

FTER Mr. Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday last some of the ideas about his policy in the coal dispute must be modified. According to report (borne out by some of his earlier utterances) he has been the leader of the rebellion in the Cabinet against Mr. Baldwin's moderation; but his speech of Tuesday is not easily reconciled with that view. Mr. Churchill is a sanguine man, and it may be, as Mr. Lloyd George has suggested, that his belief in an early collapse of the men's resistance has made him for tactical reasons look harder than he really felt. It may be, too, that his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a very worried one, made him so indignant at the idea of a subsidy in any form that he overlooked the roses in the thorns of that ecclesiastical bouquet. But no one after his speech of Tuesday can think of him as a "bitter-ender" in this dispute.

Unlike some members of the Government he believes that it is possible by reorganization greatly to increase the profits of the industry. He does not believe in the "fight to a finish," but in a fine passage declared that England was England because people did not press their rights to extremes here as they did in other countries. He denies that the Government is dependent in any way on the mineowners, or that it has any other wish than to hold the balance evenly and to see a fair peace. He describes the continuance of the dispute as the "most lamentable and ignominious breakdown of common sense ever exhibited" in our history, and his speech is capable in parts of being read as an appeal to the men against the employers. "Only abandon your everlasting negative and show that you are prepared to appreciate economic facts, and we will stand by you if necessary against the employers"—that is in effect the burden of much of what he said. If he deplores the bad leadership of the men, it seems clear that he has no great admiration either for the leaders of the employers, and he has certainly no sympathy with their now obvious desire to break up the Federation. In all this there is much to gratify those who, like ourselves, have argued for a peace by consent, and to fill the moderates on both sides with new hope.

The practical problem is: What can the Government do now? It might have stood by the letter of the Report. It might even, rejecting the idea of the subsidy, have seized hold of the concession about arbitration which was made in the bishops' proposals instead of merely turning a blind eye to what was undoubtedly a very notable change in the men's attitude. We are not saying that it had not many excuses for missing these chances, for the men have been shockingly led, and their leaders have made it as difficult as possible for the friends of peace to help them. Indeed, the miners themselves refused the Report. But in a dispute which is inflicting as much loss on the country as what before 1914 we should have called a first-class war, no Government can be neutral. It cannot, without loss of dignity, merely wring its hands, plead its own impotence, and blame others for the national disaster. It must be up and doing, or else declare forfeit of its prime duty to the general well-being. It is ridiculous to apply to industrial disputes on the

present scale the language which was appropriate to the old sectional and local strikes and lock-outs. Then it might be sufficient for the Government to keep the ring for both combatants and let them fight it out together. But a stoppage on a national scale is none the less civil war because it is conducted within the forms of law and order. If the King's writ no longer ran in one corner of these islands we should all recognize the Government's duty to act, but it is no less a duty when the unit of revolt against the settled industry on which society rests is not geographical but a whole industrial stratum.

Mr. Churchill's plea that the Government cannot impose a settlement by force, and that while it can take both parties to the water it cannot make them drink is just, but it ignores the fact that no section, however important, can prevail against a defined national opinion. The Government is not helpless in these matters. It can exhaust the resources of diplomacy in persuading the two sides to an accommodation, but its strongest weapon of persuasion is the formation of public opinion. Mr. Churchill would seem to have very definite ideas about what would be the best settlement, but the fact that neither side likes it does not end the matter. The Government has it in its power to create such a body of public opinion that the settlement would have to be accepted. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald urge that the Government should negotiate continuously. But even more important for the Government than negotiation between the parties is to know its own mind, and to create a public opinion in favour of its own ideas. Mr. Churchill in one passage of his speech showed that he realized that truth, for he appealed to the miners to make it possible for the Government to defend the national interest. Let them be realists and make some reasonable offer, he told them, and public opinion, which hitherto has had nothing on which it could fasten, might then rally to their side. We hope that the miners will take advice no less honest than shrewd, but whether they do or not it is none the less the duty of the Government to make up its own mind and so form the necessary public opinion. Mr. Churchill says that the Government has not the material to extend an eleven-foot plank so as to make it bridge a twelve-foot stream, and appeals to the miners' leaders to supply it. If they are wise they will. But whether the parties are wise or not, how can the powers of government, which in the war made a six-inch plank stretch to bridge a vast chasm, plead their helplessness to bridge an interval that is comparatively so small?

It will be said that this line of argument, if continued far enough, must sooner or later commit us to the proposition that all general stoppages are an act of at least moral rebellion against the authority of the State. Exactly. If two men start quarrelling in the street and begin to fight, it is not their own private affair, but an offence against the peace of our lord the King, his Crown and dignity. But the present coal stoppage, however orderly its incidents, makes far more immediate difference to the life of the country than the Wars of the Roses, or the war between the King and Parliament, or even than the war with Napoleon. Whatever the legal rights of the parties in this dispute may be, they have no moral or political right so to conduct their quarrels as to inflict

injury on the rest of the community, and if the law of the land does not correspond with its moral and political sentiment, the law must be changed. The present coal stoppage has now lasted longer than any national trade dispute in our history. It can be ended in one of two ways. It may continue until one or other of the parties breaks down through sheer exhaustion, in which case the peace will only be a truce until hostilities are renewed. Or it can be ended by a moral conversion of both parties corresponding to the deep resolve of "Never again" which sustained us through all the trials of the Great War. No settlement will be satisfactory unless it vindicates the rights of neutrals as paramount to the rights of any sections. The main object of the League of Nations is to make war impossible between nations without some preliminary resort to arbitration. Our belief is that any Government which as part of the settlement in this coal dispute makes a national strike or lock-out illegal without arbitration (the smaller local strikes are best left alone) will rally to its support all the moral sense of the country, and sweep the constituencies if any party dares to oppose it.

THE BOLSHEVIST MENACE TO INDIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN KABUL]

[The following article from an eminent critic of middle-eastern affairs is of particular interest at the present moment, in view of the ban placed on the entry of M. Tomsky into England to attend the forthcoming Conference of the Trades Union Congress at Bournemouth. M. Tomsky, who is now reputed to be assisting in the direction of Soviet emissaries working in European ports, was at one time known to have been implicated in the control of Bolshevik propaganda in the middle-east.—ED. S.R.]

VERY few Englishmen appear to appreciate fully the significance of the Bolshevik menace in the East. Indeed, some even deny the existence of it. Yet if they could come to the streets of Bokhara, away in the heart of Asia, the tragedy of the Bolshevik rule, with its persistent will to get to Delhi, could not remain hidden from them long. It would be a rude awakening both to those who speak of self-government in India and others in Great Britain who still prefer to close their eyes to the reality of Soviet designs on the British Empire in Asia. But to appreciate the real importance of the Bolshevik influence and its dangerous progress towards India, it is necessary to go back a little to the history of the Central Asian States.

When the wave of the territorial extension of Imperial Russia had reached Orenburg, on the shores of the Aral Sea, it was thought necessary to reduce to submission the peoples of the Steppe and the Uzbeks of Bokhara, so that a link in the Russian scheme to invade India could be added. For beyond the River Oxus lay Afghanistan, which the diplomats of the Court of St. Petersburg thought could be allied, bribed, cajoled, or threatened to allow the Russian armies to pass to the gates of the Khyber and finally to the north of India. In pursuing that line the Kerghiz of the Steppe were subjugated, the Amir of Bokhara was made to kneel down to the might of General Kaufmann's troops, while a little later Skobeloff massacred thousands of Turkomans in his effort to bring them under Russian rule. So cruel were his methods that the dreadful memory still lingers in the desert country of Trans-Caspia, and whenever Turkoman

women and children hear a military brass band playing they prostrate themselves and touch the ground with their foreheads, asking for deliverance and peace—the reason being that the massacring army of Skobeloff marched into the Turkoman camp led by a military band. These were, then, the circumstances of oppression in Central Asia during the times of the Czar; and an oft-quoted saying of General Kaufmann remains still on the lips of old men at Bokhara: "We are the standard bearers of culture." That Russian governor is reported to have said, "Our mission is to rid Asia of its dark corners by means of the torch of Russian civilization." And yet terrorism had reached its limits, the entire Middle East felt the ominous shadows of the Russian giants across the Oxus. The next step in their scheme was to establish an intimate connexion with Persia, but more especially with Afghanistan, and they were now casting longing glances on the rich plains of India, beyond the sun-baked hills of the Khyber.

With the people of the Central Asian States groaning under the weight of Czarist thralldom, tense feelings were released in 1917. The revolution was afoot in European as well as in Asiatic Russia, the last vestige of Imperial Czardom was burned to ashes in the streets of Tashkand. There were cries of "Liberty, fraternity, equality, O! the oppressed peoples of the world." The idea was not long in reaching Central Asia, Afghanistan, and Persia, and it even echoed in the back lanes of remote Indian towns, in Benares, Delhi, Lahore, and Calcutta. But maltreated as the peoples of Central Asia certainly were and although Bokhara was drenched with memories of oppression and bloodshed, one great fact stood in bold relief—that the conservatism of the Holy East was allowed to remain intact during the Czarist regime. It was the assault of the Bolsheviks on those time-honoured traditions of the East which exasperated the peoples of mid-Asia. They thought that they were to revolutionize the modes of life of their forefathers, and in a word that they were to learn a new philosophy—the political Gospel of Lenin—and forget their past. But an Eastern lives in the past glory of his ancestors; he does not see why he should share his hard-earned income with an idler, who cannot do a stroke of work, merely because he is a "comrade," a disciple of Karl Marx. The new and old ideas began to struggle, and in order to win ground the Bolsheviks were compelled to resort to intense propaganda in the East. Without propaganda, they thought, and thought quite rightly, none would swallow their doctrines in Central Asia; without converting the people to their own way of thinking the power and prestige of Soviet Russia could not be built up, nor, without a belt of followers from Bokhara to Kabul and Delhi, could they hope to plant the Red Flag in India, and raise millions of unlettered masses to enact a drama in Hindustan similar to that staged in Russia.

Various items of importance give a glimpse as to how the scheme is actually working in the East. Their first step was, of course, to organize the overthrow of the old Amir of Bokhara by a secret organization called the Young Uzbek Party. The ruler of Bokhara fled to Afghanistan and lived for some time there as the guest of King Amanullah at Qillah Murad, and when that country was proclaimed a Socialist Republic the official organ of the Communist Party hailed the occasion chiefly because Bokhara lay so close to Afghanistan and India. In the larger towns of the Middle East Bolshevik propaganda brought a so-called renaissance very much more quickly than had been anticipated by the Russians themselves; but when the townsman awoke to the fact that the comrade Soviet agent was no other than the old Russian dressed up anew, who had merely come to supplement one despotic oligarchy for the other, he began to fret. That drove the Bolshevik propagandist to the villages and

the Steppe. The military took their places, to keep order in the cities while lectures were delivered far and wide from Ferghana in the East to Krasnovodsk on the shores of the Caspian Sea. At every wayside station a group of the people of the desert or the nomads of the Steppe were subjected to long harangues and propagandist cinema shows, which generally ended with the distribution of leaflets emphasizing the good points of Bolshevism.

Then a campaign was undertaken farther afield and emissaries were sent to Kabul and even farther east. But in view of the circumstance that Afghanistan was intensely conservative, it was thought necessary to alter the outlook of that country first. A specially equipped school of propaganda was started to train men who could act as Bolshevik agents. The Executive Committee of the Communist International devoted a great deal of attention to the training of the men who were to be its representatives, and therefore "workers" were classified into two groups, those who knew Russian and those who did not. The number of students at its foundation was no fewer than 933, in which 147 were women; and they represented many nationalities, Persians, Indians, Arabs, Koreans, Chinese, Japanese, Algerians, and others. The school soon opened its branches in Tashkand, Samarkand, Krasnovodsk and Bakau. Not only was the civil side of the Eastern question of interest to the Bolshevik, but also an especial effort has been made to understand the military forces in British India. The avowed intentions of the Russians to-day differ not in the least from their outlook during the Czarist times so far as their hatred of the British in the East is concerned. India is their goal, and if they have not so far got to Delhi it stands as a testimony to the watchfulness of England. The danger is real and no purpose can be served in minimizing the menace by merely endeavouring to ignore its existence.

THE PARIS MOSQUE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

HERE is a mosque in Paris. It was built by the French Government "because France is a great Mussulman power," solemnly inaugurated by President Doumergue, and whenever the Sultan of Morocco or the Bey of Tunis happens to visit it, he is accompanied by a devotional train of high French officials. Allah is great!

The Catholic Press and Catholic polemists generally do not exactly complain of this piety on the part of the French Government, but they point out that it is too exclusively Oriental and wonder in a tone of unfeigned sincerity why this respect for religion does not extend to humbler communities as well. The reason is that when you are a "great Mussulman power" you have to prove your claims to the title. It has always been a necessity. I was not a little surprised, the other day, to tumble on a quotation from Louis Veuillot, who as early as 1840 was shutting up King Louis-Philippe between the horns of the familiar dilemma. Things eighty years ago were exactly what they are to-day. Louis-Philippe was a reluctant church-goer, but he was an enthusiastic protector of Islam.

I had never seen the mosque, but I knew of its existence, for once or twice every year, during the peacock season, I go to the Jardin des Plantes—where else in this town can you see peacocks?—and two or three years ago I noticed above the rue Geoffroy St. Hilaire entrance the growth of an unmistakable minaret. But the French Government, being such a poor architect of public offices or railway stations, would hardly be expected to be a successful builder of religious edifices, and I avoided, rather than sought,

the mosque. Had it not been for a friend who, on a recent holiday, enticed me, I might never have gone to it. "Perhaps we shall hear the muezzin," the friend said, and this persuaded me, for the day before, going through Robert de Traz's 'Dépaysement Oriental,' I had read a reference to the muezzin "looking like a black cricket in a cage" and the vision stuck in my mind.

The mosque is not a mere Mussulman chapel, as I thought, built as cheaply as is consistent with France's African prestige. It is what the newspapers pompously call it—*Le Centre Islamique de Paris*, and covers a whole block. Castellated white walls, showing the proper cedar beams and pierced with three or four Puerta Sols, baths, an Oriental restaurant "with genuine Oriental dishes," an Oriental library, and the evident promise of what will be a bazaar. The minaret is on the other side from the rue Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, above a row of thuyas which make you dreadfully home-sick for real cypresses with cicadas on them. And there the real entrance is. All round a new quarter is being built on what used to be the rue du Puits l'Ermite, of the delightful name. The architect, alone of all his confrères, has taken the trouble to visit his site before making his plans, and the still crude row of brick houses shows some intention of recalling Granada. Bless the fumbling old apprentice, for he had a thought.

"When does the muezzin sing?" "Only on Fridays at half-past twelve; the other days he stays in the court-yard—entrance fee is five francs, gentlemen." "Five francs!" "Yes, for the support of *Le Centre Islamique*." The turbaned gentleman seated between multitudinous five franc notes—there is quite a little crowd walking in and another little crowd walking out—and a pile of pamphlets, entitled, 'Souvenir du Centre Islamique,' has a good deal of authority about him, and you make the sacrifice of your five francs and of the muezzin without another murmur. A few steps and you are in a Moorish patio with two fountains and geometrical-looking green plots, very attractive indeed; but you are not to look at that just yet; a negro of the frightening kind, the head-chopping variety at first sight, beckons you away from the pretty scene towards the guide, his heap of red slippers, and the giggling girls already shuffling along. The guide is a sallow little man in a fez, with a perfect command of French but the habitual reticent elocution of the Orientals and a general tendency to reticence in everything. I cannot get him to say whether he is an Algerian, or a Moroccan, or a Tunisian. I also fail to elicit from him whether he understands or does not understand the Arabic of the Koran. "We learn it all by heart," he says. "Yes, but do you understand the words, do you know what the sentences mean?" "Tout est ici," he says, with a pale smile and a perfect Oriental gesture in the direction of his heart.

The mosque is a really handsome mosque, with marble columns, fine lace work in solidified plaster recalling the exquisite carving of Santa Maria Bianca, in Toledo, beautiful rugs, and a mysterious soft light over it all. But the guide is chiefly interested in the coloured little lamps, hundreds of them, ranged along the Moroccan frieze. "Work electrically," he says. He shows us the niche oriented towards Mecca, where the imam *dit la prière*, the beautiful cedar pulpit given by the Bey of Tunis, a rug which is a perfect copy of one in the famous mosque at Kairouan. Frequently he repeats the words *la prière*, rich and deep sounding on his lips. He overhears me quoting the one verse from the Koran—a long long book—that I remember: "I love women and perfumes above all things, but I love prayer even more," and he horrifies me by asking audibly if *je pratique la religion*. By that time I have become conscious, for the first time in my life, of his religion, and feel the little awkwardness inseparable from such consciousness.

Luckily, a little agitation is perceptible in two different parts of the mosque: a bare-footed, bare-legged man has just come in, seated himself on a rug, against a column, and he prepares to pray, but in the meantime he carries on an Arabic conversation, interrupted by guffaws, with another man I cannot see; away from him, near the exit, a little party of visitors has just emerged into view from the *penetralia*; the imam himself is guiding them. A tall, distinguished person, the white-robed imam, with an unforgettable profile, a gentle intelligent expression, and the manners of one of those Polish princes you meet, changed into monsignori, in the Vatican. But nobody seems to notice him much. The praying man is getting more vociferous, and I hear a fat woman asking the guide what sort of a rug you could get for twenty to twenty-five thousand francs.

I cherish a dream: come back to the mosque one beautiful moonlight night, and be taken round by the imam; for, just now, something tells you too much that the mosque was built during the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs.

A VOLUNTARY EXILE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

HERE are many reasons why the news about my friend Runnerman, the short-story writer, should be so annoying. I call him my friend, although we have not met these many months and never did meet frequently, because we have no term that would indicate our exact relationship. We were warmer than acquaintances, but had not reached, perhaps never would have reached, the intimacy of real friendship. When we did meet, which was rarely by design, I think we were always both glad to see one another, and always we settled down to a good ding-dong exchange of news and views. We liked one another's work, too, at least I liked his, particularly those richly concrete stories, in which a full glowing imagination brooded over an immense host of facts, of the English countryside, of ploughboys and tramps, stories that will yet give Runnerman (but that is not his name, of course) his niche. And now I hear that he is leaving his tiny cottage in the heart of an English wood, where many a tramp has found a night's lodging and paid for it with a strange tale or even an odd image, and not even leaving it for London, though that would be bad enough, but leaving it for the Continent, and for Vienna of all places. Runnerman living in Vienna! I know no one more English, and hardly anyone whose work is more native to this soil. The farther he moves away from the lanes and meadows and woods of Berkshire and Oxfordshire the weaker his stories always are, and the few he wrote during that short Italian holiday of his were, in my opinion, downright drivel. And now the man must go and live in Vienna!

I shall miss him, of course, and that counts for something in my annoyance. I shall regret the occasional sight of his dark vivid face, wonderfully alight when he came to mention a good short story or poem he had just read or some incident in his woodland life, perhaps a tree crammed with starlings on a foggy morning, at which times he had a trick of rubbing his head in ecstasy. It is true, too, that I am always a little annoyed if ever

I hear of anyone going anywhere when it involves a fine long journey, but that is merely because I want to be off too and am envious at the thought of other people catching gigantic expresses or lounging on the boat-deck. But my annoyance remains even when this regret and this touch of envy have been taken into consideration. I mistrust this practice, now so general among literary people, of voluntary exile. If writers are commanded, by the police or the doctor, to leave this country, there is no help for it: that is their misfortune. Those who exile themselves, however, merely to escape the income-tax, to find a cheap villa and a little extra sunshine, or to acquire a cosmopolitan air, are making a colossal mistake, unless they are the kind of writers who are born for cosmopolitanism and produce books that seem to have been written in and for hotel lounges. Some of these exiles, unlike Runnerman, we can very well spare, reserving our sympathy for the Parisian quarter or Italian village horribly destined to receive them. That the others should act in this witless fashion is a little tragedy. They do not seem to realize that the best books are always written at home, that the writer should be the last of all people to sever his roots.

It is not the going abroad, for a glance or two at an alien life, but the living abroad that works the mischief. The real exile, with a hunger in his heart, may write more beautifully than ever he did at home, seeing the life he has lost as an old man sometimes sees his youth, something far away and glamorous yet wonderfully clear. Literature can be well served even by nostalgia, for passionate desire and dream are there. It can only be served very dubiously, however, by a mere feeling of pleasure at having dodged the income-tax inspector or at having found a very cheap sunny villa. The voluntary exile, unless he should be one of those very exceptional persons who find their own souls only in a foreign land, is in an absurd position. He is merely a tourist who is lingering on. It is true that some glorious things, to be found in the works of Shelley, Byron, Browning, for example, have been written by exiles, though few of these, strictly speaking, were voluntary exiles, having strong reasons for absenting themselves. Even so, I take leave to wonder if their work would not have been even better if they had remained at home. A Shelley slowly maturing in England might have given us poetry even more subtly beautiful than a Shelley suddenly ripened by Italy. Byron might easily have been a better poet if he had not discovered the cheap and gaudy effects of the Levant. Browning might have stumbled on some English ring and book and produced a masterpiece that we might all have read instead of merely praising at a distance. And these are the poets, whose primary task is to reproduce for us the colour and bloom of their emotions. The novelists—and most of our voluntary exiles now are novelists—have still more cause to remain at home, where there is a kind of life they know ready for them to interpret.

But off they go, so many of them, to Paris, to the Riviera, to Italy, to Vienna, to Honolulu, and you can watch their work steadily declining. Runnerman's, I am certain, will go to pieces. All the English sap and savour will run out of it, leaving a dry husk of

affectation. It is possible—that the thought appals—that he himself will gradually assume cosmopolitan airs. Is there anyone more boring and futile than your cosmopolitan aesthete? He knows all the opera houses and entrées, has been at hand when all the movements were initiated, has had his little talk with M. Marcel Plume or Herr Siegfried Dichter and has perhaps even been mentioned in print, by one of these masters, as "an English of the most sensitive and cultured"; but he never achieves anything. He has never been tied down to a narrow and illiberal life in one place, but has been able to skim the cream of European ideas; nevertheless, you never meet him when, so to speak, he has the cream with him; he never appears to have an original thought in his head. He is of no importance whatever in the scheme of things, being nothing better than a hanger-on, a tourist who has lost not only his native sense and humour but even his gaping wonder. Paris is now full of Americans who have burst their bonds, fled from the crippling influences of Virginia or Illinois to a place where they can express themselves in fullness and ease, but curiously enough, all the good writing comes from those poor stay-at-home creatures on the other side who have not had the wit or courage to escape, and from Paris comes nothing but pretentious claptrap.

But Paris—so dangerous for the American—would have been better for Runnerman than Vienna. His leaving this country at all was bad enough, but the choice of Vienna was the last straw. I seem to have known scores of people, these last five years, who have rushed away to Vienna, and, except for the musicians, no good has come of it. I have never been to Vienna myself, and my knowledge of the place is very limited, almost limited to the fact that it was once a city full of rich people and sexual practice and is now a city full of poor people and sexual theory. I have, however, a deep mistrust of its influence. For some mysterious reason it has become of late the Mecca of the solemnly pretentious and intellectually half-baked, such as the humourless young gentlemen with beards who, they tell us, "are researching in Comedy," bare-legged and herbivorous followers of "Youth" movements, and the Freudians of every shape and size. Even honest men and brothers feel its influence—some baneful alchemy that constitutes its revenge for all its sufferings—and return implacable bores. Italy would have had its dangers, for it has long been adept at manufacturing humourless bores out of the foreigners who settle there. (How admirably, if cruelly, these Italo-maniacs have been satirized by Mr. Aldous Huxley! But what of that gentleman himself? Is he unspotted?) But Runnerman has been to Italy, and though it spoilt his work for a season, the easy picturesque being too much for him as it is for most of us, he quickly recovered and came back to us without a new discovery among the Primitives in his pocket or any of that St. Francis or Renaissance patter. Vienna will attack him more insidiously, however, and he is not equipped for defence against its peculiar poison gases. Probably at this very moment the Runnerman we knew is slowly shredding away, and a strange and solemn and something-issimus *Runnermann* is coming into being. *Hence, horrible shadow!*

HERO WORSHIP

By J. MURRAY ALLISON

I HAVE written elsewhere the story of Juan Belmonte, the Matador of Seville—the idol of Andalusia. This is how José Fendanez, the guide, told it to me originally. First of all, let me tell you that if you want to get into the good graces of a Spaniard, ask him about bullfighting. If you have the good fortune to meet, as I did, one like José, who was himself a bullfighter, you will begin to understand that there is more in this bullfighting than meets the eye; and you will realize how futile are the efforts of the busybodies, Spanish and foreign, who propose to exterminate it.

"Well," I said to José, "Take me, José, to the café where the bullfighters foregather," or words to that effect. "By gar," said José, his eyes snapping. "By gar, gentleman, you lika de bullfight. By gar, I show you someting. Mr. José know all de bullfighters in Andaluse—de bullfighters dey know Mr. José. . . . Ha! I show you someting." "Good," said I, anxious to encourage an obvious enthusiasm. "Are they big men?" "Beeg!" replied José. "Beeg! Some beeg, some leetle. Leetle fellers lika dat," measuring off about five feet of my frame.

"Bombita," I told him, "Bombita is a fine big man." (Bombita, by the way, is—or was, he is getting on now—the great matador of Madrid.) "Yes," admitted José. "Bombita, he is beeg, but Belmonte is leetle man; but wid de beeg beeg heye. Belmonte, he look hat de bull in his heye, and dat bull he go frightened." "Belmonte?" I asked. "Who is Belmonte? I have never heard of Belmonte." "Wat," shouted José. "You not never hear of Belmonte? I'll tell you someting. Dat Belmonte 'as one million dollar in de bank. Five year ago he just shift de muck in de river. Sleep hunder de bridges on Seville. Sleep on shavins—hunder de bridges. All day he just shift de muck on de cart. Now he got one million dollar in de bank. Yes, sir." "A million dollars," I cried astonished. "A million dollars?"

"Two, tree million dollar he got hin de bank. De Queen of Spain, Queen Victoria—Englishe—she 'as tear in de heye when she see Belmonte pat on de nose of de bull. But bull he frighten of Belmonte's beeg heye. Dat bull he go dry in de mout, hon de lips of his mout', when he see Belmonte look at him in his heye. I tell you someting. In de time Belmonte shift de muck on de river—every morning Belmonte walk into de country, one, two, tree, four, five, sixa mile, to play wid de young bull. He go right hup and pat de bull on de cheek—play wid de bull—and de bull frightened wid the heye of Belmonte. One day de farmer, he breed de bull for de bullfight, he see Belmonte play wid de bull. He say, 'By gar, dat man make de bull go dry in hees mout'."

"Dat farmer hees name is Burgos. He breed de bull for de bullfighting. He goes hup to Belmonte and he say, 'Hey—you go to kill de bull. Belmonte, tak' de sword—kill de bull on de top of hees neck.' But Belmonte, he is so leetle feller—hees wrong in hees chest, he is lika him die—he has no strong in hees leg, go weak in hees leg when he see de bull, but hees big heye frighten de bull. He tak' his cap and hang him up on de horns of de bull, and dat bull he frightened of Belmonte. It mak' you cry—mak' you cry. Wan first day Belmonte come into de ring on Seville—he keel six bull. First day he is matador—honly wan year toreador. He is so weak in hees leg he can no run way from de bull, but dat bull he is fright. Never have been seen what Belmonte does to de bull—pat de bull on his mout'. And Belmonte so leetle—he look he is starvin' an' thin—thin like starvin'. De King of Spain he go mad for Belmonte—and Queen Victoria give Belmonte hees medal all full of diamond. Belmonte have five

million dollar in de bank. De first ting he does when he kill de six bull and get de money, he go and take his two broders from de hospital—dey like starvin'. He got a good heart—beeg, beeg heart. Five year ago he just shift de muck on de river. Now he go to de Bull Ring, in hees Roll-Roy car. But dat Belmonte 'e don' look very healthy. He look like starvin'. Five year ago he just shift de muck and sleep under de bridge on shavin'. Now he is Mister Belmonte—he has six million dollar in de bank."

The above and more of it fell from the lips of my friend, José, in a torrent of words. A gramophone record of what he said would be worth its weight in gold. His eyes blazed as he talked. His features took on extraordinary shapes and he gesticulated wildly. He searched the recesses of his mind for words in which to clothe his thoughts, but the limitation of his English made it impossible for him, I thought, to do justice to his hero. Afterwards I was sure of it, because upon the following day I met Belmonte himself, and he was all and more than what José had said he was. He was a slight creature—not more than five feet six. His body was not sturdy; it was frail. His head in size was out of proportion to the rest of his frame. His cheeks were hollow, and he had the look of an invalid. His features were rather those of the Arab than the pure Spaniard. His lips were full—his chin was prominent. There was something in his face that reminded me of the Spanish Bourbons. His eyes were remarkable. I understood why the bull "went dry in the mouth" when Belmonte engaged his attention. I have always imagined that the cold eye of the northern was the strongest eye there is. I mean strong in the sense of attention-compelling. But the black pools of Belmonte's eyes were difficult to "get away from." There was nothing intelligent about them. They did not appear to think about you as you gazed at them. They just stared at you. I made an attempt to sketch him, and while my pencil was busy the thought came to me and still remains with me that Belmonte's eyes were like the eyes of a bull, and that, I think, is the secret. Before I allow José to take the floor again, I will tell you of one question I put to Belmonte, and of his answer. I asked José to ask Belmonte if he was ever frightened of the bull? José said: "I dare not ask such a question." I persuaded him. Belmonte's answer was "Always."

"Surely," said I to José, "your friend Belmonte is not so famous as my friend Bombita." "Look 'ere, gentleman," replied José. "You look 'ere. I tell you someting. My frien' Mr. Burgos, who breed de bull for de bullfightin', he bring sixa bull for Seville, an' Bombita, he come from Madrid to kill sixa bull. He mak' contract to kill sixa bull. Oh yes, sir, Bombita keel one, two, tree, four bull. Dey bring in fife bull an' dat bull he keel one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, nine, ten, heleven horse. Dead—in de Bull Ring—dead, one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, heleven horse. No wan never seen lika dat. Heleven horse. By gar, dat bull savage mad. He's got blood in hees heye. Bombita he come in de ring. Everybody go dry in de lips on the mout'. Bombita he sees one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse dead in de ring. By gar, when Bombita look at de bull, he say 'By gar, I no killa de bull. By gar,' he say, 'dat bull, he keel me—keel me. Dat bull, genelman, has don't go at de capa and he go at de man—at de man, dat bull go at Bombita. He is mad, dat bull. He smell blood. He has kill one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse. Bombita he look at de bull, and dat bull he look at Bombita. He 'as blood in his heye. 'Ho! Ho!' say Bombita. 'I no keel dat bull—he keel me,' and he give up hundred thousand pesetas. He sacrifice hundred thousand pesetas. Because he know dat bull no go for de capa—he go for Bombita. Bombita say, he says, 'By gar, dat bull, he can read and write.' Bom-

bita say dat. 'Dat bull he read and write. Read and write,' he say. And he go hout from de ring. Heveryone go dry on de mout'. Dat bull, he has keel one, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, height, ten, heleven horse. Bombita, he say, 'Shoot dat bull—shoot 'im. Dat bull, he's mad. Blood mad. Shoot 'im,' dat's what Bombita say."

"Mr. Burgos he is hin dat place. It is hees bull; he 'as breed heem, and he say to de President—'Hey, he say, 'dat my bull. I breed dat bull. If I tak' heem way he maka no more mad. He safe hees life. Dat bull come on de farm for de breedin'. Mak' some strong young bull for de Bull Fight.' Dat's what Mr. Burgos say hout loud to de President. Hand de President he say, 'Hall right,' he say, and Mr. Burgos, he put de finger on his mout' and give one whistle—and dat bull, sir, he put hees heye in de sky and like listen to de hangels—lika de hangels sing—el canto. Dat bull, he look roun' and Mr. Burgos, he make whist, and dat bull, he goes hover to Mr. Burgos, and Mr. Burgos, he jump into de ring and take de bull by hees hear and he say, 'Wat does 'urt my nice lit bull—who maka de blood from my pretty bull—my nica brave bull'; and de bull put hees face in de coat of Mr. Burgos, dat bull he is so please. Dat bull, he is all bleed, but no, he taka no notice—he know the speak of Mr. Burgos. He so happy. Mr. Burgos put hees han' on de bull's face and say him soft to heem. Two of hees countryman who work on de farm of Mr. Burgos, dey ride on de back—and dat bull, all bleed, all blood. Hit don't hurt dat bull, he so happy. He walk hout of de ring wid Mr. Burgos, an' de countryman just pat, pat, pat de bull and safe hees life for de breed, and Queen Victoria she has tear hon her heye. Mr. Burgos he taka back de bull to hees farm an' Belmonte he go hout to look on dat bull all for breedin', de bull who mak' Bombita go dry on de mout'—an dat bull when he look on de heye of Belmonte, he is frighten. Yes, sir, Belmonte slap dat bull hon his face. Yes, sir—yes, sir, hon hees face Belmonte slap heem."

"José," I admitted, "Belmonte must be a very great man." José's enthusiasm was about to give out through sheer exhaustion, and my interruption was intended to revive it.

"Hi'm so glad, sir, you say lika dat," said José. "Belmonte best man in Spain. When he come in Seville, back from Madrid, from de bullfight in Madrid, de band play at de railway station. Beeg band play for heem. But I tell you someting, sir," continued José with an air of dark admission. "Belmonte is fright' of funeral. If he go to ring in hees Roll-Roy car and he see funeral he go home—yes, sir, he turn hees Roll-Roy car roun' and he go home. He has de kind heart, ver' good—he don't like funeral. He speak very nice Andaluse—ver' soft. Dat Bombita, gentleman, he bark when he speak, bark like a dog. Bark like a dog. Belmonte has seven million dollar in de bank. Seven million dollar. Seven million dollar in de bank. He has hees house in Seville an' in Madrid—he has got hees farm, where he watch de bull with his heye. Look 'ere, sir, I tell you someting. He go to Peru on contrac' to keel one, two, tree, four, five, sixa, seven, height—twenty, forty bull. Hall signed contrac'—heighty thousand dollar he mak'—an' he starvin'—shifting muck on de river—five years ago sleep on shavin'. When he come back on Seville, no work can be done for one, two, tree, four, five, sixa, seven day. De priest come to see heem. De priest tak' hoff hees hat, put on de cap like you, and when ver', ver' hot, de sun shinin' down hot lika beeg fire, de priest not tak' hoff hees cap for ashame of his bal' head. He no like to be see at de bullfight. But dat priest he lika see Belmonte when he back from Peru. He take off hees hat and put on hees cap, just like you, just like José. You see dat priest hees face run with the persprasse an' the persprasse is run down hees face. He is hot on de sun. But dat priest he must

see Belmonte and he not tak' off hees cap, so heverybody see dat priest's bal' head, and Belmonte, dey tak' heem on their harm and carry heem in de street an laff and clap all han's and sing el canto—and make a beeg noise more better dan de King of Spain come on Seville, an' band play just like mad—mak' you cry—mak' you cry—and yes, sir, the firework, you know firework, off dey go—whizz—whizz. An' Queen Victoria she has tear on her heye when Belmonte come home from Peru."

THE THEATRE TOUCHY HUSBAND

BY IVOR BROWN

A Balcony. By Naomi Royde-Smith. The Everyman Theatre.

MISS ROYDE-SMITH'S play set me in mind of a recent conversation on the humours of head-lines. We agreed that one of the best telescopic efforts was "Alleged Bogus West-End Colonel's Fatal Fall Over Cat," but "A Balcony" has Richmond for its scene and an author for its catastrophic figure. What the author's tragedy brought to mind was the heading set to a narrative of the familiar triangular order. A man had shown some animosity towards another found departing with his wife. To this tale the sub-editor had set the caption, "Touchy Husband." Touchy, we agreed, was good. As well might the interloper have taken the victim's matches as his mate. The whole tribe of cynical "sex" dramatists could have done no better. A spark from Congreve was illuminating our evening paper.

Naturally I wondered a little about that epithet. Did it signify a sub-editorial philosophy? Was it an accident or an affirmation? Would that same hand, if set to "sub" a notice of Othello, have labelled it in similar mood "Tragedy of Touchy Husband. Coloured Man's Mistake. Girl-Wife Pays." Such treatment might be described as "scaling down the values." After all the sub-editor, while doubtless vexing his superiors by knocking the "punch" out of a strong story, would have reflected the spirit of his age. We have scaled the values down. For that marital touchiness which runs to smotherings and strangulations we do not feel much sympathy. They order things otherwise in Latin countries, where the *crime passionel* still wears the aura of high ethical endeavour. During the summer I saw a play by a French dramatist, M. J.-J. Bernard, who is certainly one of the moderns in his technical approach to drama. He showed a schoolmaster in process of mental and nervous collapse caused by an opportunity for suspecting his wife's loyalty. The grounds for suspicion were scanty; the fury of a possessive lust was vast. Now that sort of thing may happen. But what surprised me was that a highly civilized man like M. Bernard did not appear to find the husband's state of mind barbaric and disgusting.

Logic moves slowly in the thicket of social custom and domestic tradition; but in England it moves. The logic of the position is simple enough. If we act up to our professions about sex equality, if we gladly concede latch-keys to daughters as to sons, and hold the wife to be no longer a chattel, these husbandly rages become ridiculous. This is not an argument for Free Love; nothing so valiant. The husband of an unfaithful wife has good reason to feel humiliated or resentful, but he merely makes a fool and a brute of himself if he carries on like an owner of stolen property and mutters about revenge. Love of this savagely possessive order had a species of justification when men acquired women as objects of use or adornment.

The claims of personal ownership did obviously dominate the thought and the tradition of ages. These

claims were the regular source for the deepest tragedy or the untiring jest of social relations. Shakespeare wrote Othello with one hand and the cuckoo-song with another. In Restoration times the supreme practical joke was to tamper with a man's property in woman. But for us the Restoration drama must live by other virtues than its theme. We cannot giggle for ever at the mere sound of the word "cuckold" any more than we can conceive poetic quality in a tale of murderous jealousy in a Mayfair flat. The thing may happen. But it has no romantic splendour. To be savage nowadays is merely to be stupid. It is to set acquisitive passion against the broadening logic of the age.

Therefore I do not for a moment suggest that the jealous husband in Miss Royde-Smith's play behaves with an impossible ferocity as he mutters about his Celtic ancestors and plots a revenge which ultimately travels far beyond his intention. Critics who flatly dismiss characters as being like nothing on earth too easily assume omniscience. They have only to read the papers, much less the text-books of sexual psychology, to discover that men and women are a queer lot with no limitations to their queerness. But this husband, Evan, cannot escape by putting all the blame on his ancestors who did and suffered terrible things in their Celtic twilight. He was an author; also he was a very clever author, since he made large sums of money out of a book of essays, a feat not commonly performed. He explored the world's desert places and made good reports of his exploration. He represented the reflective mind. Why then did he not reflect? When his wife, Fanny, so obviously preferred another man's gift of sables to his less luxurious company, why did he not face the facts and Fanny together and have the matter cleared up one way or another? The dramatist has a perfect right to reply that men who make a living by the use of reason do not always live reasonably and that the bookish cave-man is no more unlikely than the jealous bargee. Miss Royde-Smith has written a play of intensity; also of humour, for it contains an admirable farcical study of the new domestic servant of the "quate refaned" order. Mr. Ernest Milton stamps the husband's part with a forcible impress of the unfamiliar, making it certain that Evan is a unique individual, typifying no class of modern husbands. It is, I think, a tribute to the vividness of the figure thus created by playwright and player that I so much wanted to hold up the evening's business and have a good talk with Evan. Fanny behaved like a fool, not necessarily because she preferred another man and his money, but because she conducted her intrigue so clumsily. Indeed, they were both worth interruption. People who chose their new home with such taste and arranged it with such care—how could they be so silly? How could they go back on the world of open diplomacy to her wretched subterfuge and his caveman's snarling?

The story of Evan and his Fanny and her Richard (who never appears) suggested the lingering chaos in sexual relations. Logic has broken in, but it has not broken through. If a woman can choose her career as well as a man, so is she as much (or as little) entitled to choose a co-respondent. In the case of normal adult women surely the word "seduction" has become ridiculous. For that word reduces woman to the level of a fish for whom the crafty angler lays a bait, and equally reduces matrimony to the level of preserving and poaching. Recognize Fanny as a free moral (or immoral) agent and the fiercely possessive attitude of Evan becomes intolerable. We are not, in fact, so cynical or so callous as to dismiss the inevitable chagrin of a man who has been turned down as "touchiness"; but we do not thereby admit his right to become an outraged member of the cuckold's section of a Property Defence League, and to pretend that a partner cannot end a partnership. If we have not reached the full logic of equality, we have surely

passed beyond the passion for possession. The tragedy of Evan was a species of growing pains. His mind moved in a world where marriage is no longer the immuring of a feminine chattel, but his emotions went back into that primitive creed where ownership is all.

MUSIC ON APPLAUSE

THE behaviour of audiences in the concert-hall or opera-house and their manner of signifying their approval or dislike for what has been played for them has been discussed, more or less superficially, by musical journalists times without number. Psychologists have touched upon the subject incidentally in the course of their investigations. The musical journalists have usually made the audience a target for their shafts of scornful wit. The psychologists, who are generally unmusical, explain the matter in complex terminology, taking their stand upon a lofty eminence, from which they look down with an impartiality which is not even contemptuous upon the workings of the human mind. Now comes Mr. Frank Howes, who is at once a musician and a student of psychology, to join up the two ends of the thread. In his recently published book, 'The Borderland of Music and Psychology,' he brings to bear on a number of musical problems the discoveries which have been made in late years by the newest of the sciences.

The question of applause has been given a chapter to itself and an important place elsewhere in the book. In one passage Mr. Howes takes an unusual point of view. He deprecates the modern tendency to present applause between the movements of a symphony or a quartet—a tendency which, he says, "may be affectation; it cannot be justified on musical grounds; for psychological reasons it is indefensible." He goes on to say that the repression of applause causes mental pain in the audience, because they are deprived of the chance of discharging in action, that is in shouting and the clapping of hands, the emotions which they have experienced while listening to the music. The argument is, of course, based on the psychological theory that man's mental activity consists of three distinct though inseparable processes, which are called cognition (the perception of an object or situation), affection (the feeling experienced towards that object), and conation (the action taken in regard to it). We must, Mr. Howes asserts, have some relief in physical action, whether it be in applause or in the mere shifting of our bodies from one position to another, from the concentration which listening to music involves.

There is more than a grain of truth in this assertion, as common experience in the concert-hall proves; but the psychological theory seems to be pressed too far in the argument, which I have quoted, in favour of applause between the movements of symphonies. Mr. Howes has fallen into the common error of theorists—that of making the facts fit a preconceived notion. Because the normal process is that a physical reaction follows the perception of an object, therefore it is a bad thing that, in the particular instance of a musical experience, the physical act of applauding should not be allowed. To say that the suppression of applause between movements may be an affectation which is not justifiable on musical grounds, appears to be inaccurate. It is possible to justify it. In the first place a symphony is, or should be, the composer's expression of his emotional reaction to some experience. The various movements are different views of that experience. This is a fact which cannot easily be proved, but it is only in this way that we can explain the feeling of unity that exists in those symphonies, which we regard as the greatest, such as the last three by Mozart and the fifth, seventh and ninth by Beethoven. This unity of the fundamental idea is

surely one important element in their greatness, and its absence would inevitably reduce a work from the status of symphony or sonata to that of a suite, in which the various movements are unrelated to one another. Applause between the movements of such a work must destroy their continuity, which is a part of their being; but, more than that, it abolishes the chance of appreciating fully the contrasts between one movement and the next, which plays an important part in the enjoyment of such a work. This contrast may be one of key, or rhythm or merely of mood, and it has a very real and important influence on our pleasure in the work. Perhaps the two most striking examples of this kind of effect are the transition from the key of B minor to that of E major in Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and the wonderful change both of tonality and of orchestral colour in the second movement of César Franck's symphony.

Reduced to perfectly logical absurdity Mr. Howes's application of the psychological theory would result in the audience applauding at any pause in the music—why not, for example, at the twenty-first bar of Beethoven's C minor?—or, for that matter, at any point when their emotions are sufficiently aroused to make it necessary to relieve by clapping their hands the "mental pain" which suppression causes, according to the theory. I do not personally believe that the mental pain exists, not merely because I do not experience it myself, but because an audience such as that which frequents the promenade concerts would not acquiesce in a regulation against applause between movements if it really experienced any inconvenience from the deprivation. Here is an audience, composed not of "musical" people (I do not mean by that that they are unmusical), the majority of whom enforce the rule by suppressing with hisses any member who is rash enough to break it.

Mr. Howes appears himself to be aware of the fallacy of his argument, for later in his book he shows how easily applause may be started by the *claqueur* and what he calls the "applause-fiend." This latter person he subjects to a searching and most amusing dissection. Yet, strangely, he omits one of the elements in his make-up, although he hovers at one point on the brink of stating it. One of the most important motives which actuate the applause-fiend is surely self-conceit, a desire to draw attention to himself and to show to everyone in the place how keen is his appreciation. Therefore he gets his hands ready so soon as the *coda* announces the termination of the movement—and how put-out he is by the irregular habits of modern composers who give him no warning and end on anything except the tonic!—and lifts them on high above his head so that they may be seen of the multitude; and, when others stand on their feet, himself leaps upon the seat and waves a brilliant handkerchief. So he takes to himself a measure of the credit which he pretends to be giving to the composer or the executant, for whom very often he has not, till that moment, cared a rap.

Apart from the greedy requests for more or the stupid demands for the repetition of a fine piece of singing, which in the nature of things cannot be done twice over in quick succession, there is no objection to moderate applause in the right place. Indeed, I will go so far with Mr. Howes as to confess that there is a certain feeling of flatness after performances in churches and on other occasions where applause is considered to be out of place. But I do not think that this feeling is due to the suppression of an activity which is intrinsically necessary to the full enjoyment of a piece of music. It is rather the result of the absence of the excitement generated by the communal expression of pleasure in applause, which has no connexion whatever with our aesthetic appreciation of the music, but is purely sensational and in no wise different from the similar excitement which is generated at a football match or a royal procession.

H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

THE FASCIST EXPERIMENT

SIR,—In your issue of August 28 Prof. Salvemini calls me to task for my statements concerning the victims on both sides in what may be described as the Italian civil war. If he had read my letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 14 more carefully he would have seen that the volume from which I have quoted, 'Pagine eroiche,' mentions only "the most dramatic episodes" of which Fascists have been victims, and also that the greater majority of the cases mentioned were prior to the March on Rome. The number of victims whose story is told in the volume and who can be described as Fascist victims of anti-Fascist outrages is, as I wrote, 416; the volume itself deals with another fifteen or twenty cases which cannot be strictly included under this heading, but on the other hand there are many hundreds more victims of the anti-Fascists not mentioned in the book (especially for the period prior to the March on Rome), which as its title implies does not profess to be anything like a complete list. The records are kept, however, in the office of the Association of Widows and Mothers of Fascist Victims in Rome. Although when I was last in Rome I did not have time to go through all those grim records, I did see those for the victims for the period from June, 1924, to the end of 1925, and these were sixty-five.

Prof. Salvemini is right in stating that many of the murdered Fascists were not victims of anti-Fascist outrages; he need not have made his flippant allusion to those who died of indigestion or were run over by taxi-cabs, the good taste of which is not obvious, but undoubtedly many Fascist victims were murdered by common criminals, and in the period when Red influences dominated the Government many such criminals professed Communist or Socialist sentiments in order to secure immunity, so that it is difficult to distinguish between the two classes of assassins. It is also true, as Prof. Salvemini writes, that many of the authors of political crimes have not been apprehended or have escaped punishment through lack of evidence. But this applies to both sides; to mention one case alone, the murderers of Sig. Giordani in the Town Hall of Bologna, one of the most infamous crimes in the whole of the civil war, have never been caught. Since the advent of the Fascist Government, however, the course of justice has been much more regular. What should be further added is that the great majority of the murders by Fascists were reprisals for murders by anti-Fascists, and that very many of the latter outrages were the result of treacherous ambuscades and attacks in which the assailants were ten times more numerous than those assailed.

I should have preferred not to enter into details on this series of crimes, which all good Italians fervently hope is definitely ended, had it not been raised by others. I do not envy Prof. Salvemini his self-imposed task of systematically reviling his own country and its Government, which he undertook long before Sig. Mussolini became Prime Minister of Italy.

I am, etc.,
LUIGI VILLARI

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1

LONDON IN THE FOURTH CENTURY

SIR,—May I first thank your Reviewer for his most sympathetic notice of my book, 'London in the Fourth Century,' in your issue of July 31. I trust he will not think me ungracious if I draw his attention to one statement.

May I explain that while gladly recognizing my indebtedness to Major Gordon Home's work on 'Roman London,' I must demur to the statement that my description of Fourth-Century London is mainly based upon it.

My study of London in that period was mostly made before the publication of his book and I think I owe quite as much to the views of Professor Lethaby and Mr. C. Roach Smith, for instance, as to his. For example, with reference to the existence of the Citadel (p. 4, 'London in the Fourth Century'), which is regarded as improbable and not proven by Major Home, I have accepted the earlier authority of Loftie and Roach Smith.

I have tried to make impartial use of modern authorities, but have not hesitated to incorporate traditions from older writers when, according to my judgment, they helped to give the medieval point of view. Whatever the fate of Major Gordon Home's interesting theories (with which, I must confess, I am not always in accordance) I think mine, in justice to him and myself, must stand alone.

I trust in my final notes to give my own conclusions, as an historical student, based on a study of all the available material. I may add that I sometimes, in debatable cases, quote an authority in order to present a different point of view from my own.

I am, etc.,

KATHERINE M. BUCK

Buckhurst Hill, Essex

FOREIGN PLACE NAMES

SIR,—May I be allowed to add one or two remarks to my letter about the transliteration of foreign names.

There are two foreign names of rather famous people that are constantly appearing in our Press, printed in a manner that gives "the man in the street" no idea of their correct or even approximate pronunciation; these two are Mestrovic (the "Jugo-Slav" sculptor) and Gogol (the Russo-Ukrainian author and playwright). The former should at least always appear as Meshtrovitch. As for the latter, no Slav would recognize the name pronounced as we write it and as I always hear it pronounced, viz., with our hard "g"; actually Hohol would be much nearer the real thing.

And this reminds me that when I was up in town for the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament, I dropped in one evening to the pit of the Gaiety Theatre to see Hohol's play, 'The Government Inspector.' On the official programme there was no description of the meaning of Mr. Komissarzhevsky's ultra-modern stage-setting of this play. As a result I could tell from the remarks of the people about me, and from their giggling in the wrong places, that most of them had no sort of conception of the meaning of it all.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

P.S.—In my last letter I spoke of the German "w" being pronounced as "v"—in our Anglo-German grammars this is what we are always told. Actually very few Germans, unless perhaps they be Jews, ever say Varum for Warum (i.e., "why"). The German "w" is really something between our "v" and our "w." To formulate the consonant, arrange the lips as if one were about to blow a fly off the notepaper—at least so it seems to me.

AN INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

SIR,—We believe that your readers will be interested to know that an International Boarding School

is shortly to be established in Geneva. Mr. Charles R. King, B.A. (Balliol College, Oxford), who will be the headmaster, has had for the past few years a school in Birmingham, of whose educational methods we have had a good report from competent authorities. He is a teacher of unusual ability and influence, and has convictions as regards international comity, and a belief, which we share, that judicious education may help in removing misunderstandings between different peoples. He is also a scholar of distinction and in his educational work inculcates a high standard of accuracy and thoroughness. The Master of Balliol, Sir Michael Sadler (Master of University College, Oxford), the Director of the Training of Teachers at Oxford, and the Headmaster of Christ's Hospital allow their names to be mentioned as references.

The present premises are in pleasant surroundings at Avenue de la Forêt, Geneva, but arrangements have been made for expansion later. We feel sure that his plan is a very hopeful one, and probably there are some among your readers who would care to write to Mr. King, c/o Balliol College, Oxford, with a view to sending children to join those he is taking with him from Birmingham.

We are, etc.,

J. D. BERESFORD,
NOEL BUXTON,
JOHN COCKBURN,
W. MANCHESTER,
PARMOOR,
A. PONSONBY,
BERTRAND RUSSELL,
H. G. WELLS.

HOSPITALITY FOR POOR CHILDREN

SIR,—*Verbum Sapientibus.* The letter printed below may interest some of your readers.

I should explain that for some years past I have entertained one or more couples of little girls from the poorer quarters of London, who have been sent to me through the Country Holiday Fund. This letter is from the father of one of the children who have just left me.

I might add that all the children who have come to me have been thoroughly good, well-behaved girls and have given my housekeeper the minimum of the trouble which is, I suppose, inseparable from the care of children :

Dear Sir,

I beg to take the liberty of writing to thank you for the kind reception you gave my daughter, —, who stayed at your house through the Country Holiday Fund.

— is never done talking of the wonderful time she had while staying at your house and I should like to add, that if there were more like you, who are ready to lend a helping hand to we who are in poorer circumstances, class hatred would disappear and strikes and lock-outs would never be heard of.

Again thanking you for your kindness,

I am, Sir,
Yours most respectfully,
—

I venture to hope that this evidence of the gratitude of one of a class less fortunately situated than myself may induce others in my position who are not now doing it, to extend hospitality to children from the over-crowded, airless quarters of our large towns.

I am, etc.,

S.

Carlton Club

MR. GLADSTONE

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 7 Mr. MacCullum questions your quotation of Disraeli's description of Gladstone. The word he questions was "sophistical" and not "sophisticated." Disraeli also said "inebriated," not "intoxicated." The original sentence ran: "A sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

I am, etc.,

J. H. MOORE

Upton Rectory, Berks

MR. WELLS AND THE NOVELIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in your last issue on 'Mr. Wells and the Novelist's Portrait Gallery.' The scope of the novelist would be seriously limited if it became necessary for him to consider whether some celebrity, or someone personally known to him, would be offended or would see himself in the characters portrayed. How, indeed, would it be possible to give life and reality to the characters in a book if they were not, however unconsciously, based on the author's experience, and if he may not observe and reproduce from life how is he to get material or create character? As you wisely remark, the actual characteristics that he has observed and noted among his friends are but a skeleton; the finished creature is born of his own brain and elaborated by his own fancy. Mr. Wells has thought it necessary, however, to disarm suspicion beforehand, which makes one wonder how many of his friends will see themselves anew, through his pen. Let us hope that they will withhold accusation and content themselves with the thought that they have contributed something to the amusement or the edification of Mr. Wells's admirers.

I am, ec.,

PETRONELLA STYLES

Clapham Common

LOUD CRIES THE YAFFLE, SAID JENNY MADISON

By PERCY RIPLEY

LOUD cries the yaffle, said Jenny Madison,
Loud cries the yaffle and we shall have rain,
Though all the leaves of June were dancing
And sunlight through the old grey wood was lancing,
Loud cries the yaffle, said Jenny, and we shall have
rain.

Golden gleamed the weathercock on the valley tower,
Golden the rock roses in the edging grass,
Milkwort its blue was variedly uplifting
And scent of herbs came warmly, deeply drifting
As out on the chalk lands we arm in arm did pass.

There stayed we till the butterfly orchis seemed
Ghostly along the margin of the wood,
And hazardous for our late wending
Was the tangled path of twos' descending
To where the farmhouse with its guiding chimneys
stood.

A mottle-breasted owl went heavy through the dusk
As passion with darkness fell upon the mind,
Swift in the night was burning
The way of our returning,
In an ardour by the morning undesigned.

Loud cries the yaffle, said Jenny Madison,
Loud cries the yaffle, and we shall have rain,
Though all the leaves of June were dancing
And sunlight through the old grey wood was lancing,
Loud cries the yaffle, said Jenny, and we shall have
rain.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—27

SET BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best eight imaginary "Sayings of the Week" of the kind collected by Sunday newspapers and others. Like the originals, these should appear witty or profound at a first glance and then, when further examined, have that curious air of silliness which makes a reader wonder whether the sub-editor who selects them is a simpleton or a subtle satirist. They should, too, be of various typical kinds, political, religious, scientific, and so forth.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best defence, in not more than 400 words, of popular misquotations, such as "A poor thing but mine own" or "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," against the sneers of small pedants.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 27A, or LITERARY 27B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on Monday, September 13, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 25

SET BY JAMES BONE

A. In these days, when economy has to be practised as a virtue, one may make the best of it by practising it as an art. To improve public skill in the wording of telegrams we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best expression in twelve words of the acceptance of an invitation to a week-end party by a young lady who has suddenly been married and wishes to break the intelligence and to accept the invitation and to bring her husband. The name and address of the receiver of the telegram are not to be given, but in some form or other a name must be given for the sender.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the wittiest epigram on Burlington Arcade. Epigrams may be in prose or verse, but if in verse they must not exceed twelve lines.

We have received the following report from Mr. James Bone, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. JAMES BONE

25A. The prizes of the two competitions should have been reversed, for the A problem has produced a large crop of thin quality and the B problem a small crop of good and pretty quality. As to the telegram competition, skill in compression seems to be common and the Telegraph Office cannot profit as much as one expected from lack of skill in the public. Many com-

petitors seem to have words to spare of a descriptive character, as "Darling such fun married Fatty to-day both blowing along Friday afternoon Jane"; and "Joyfully accept please welcome hubby springtime responsible for suddenly becoming Mary Carew." Many competitors lengthen explanation by referring to first column *Times*, and some cleverly shorten by the signature "Mary Carew nee Spooner" and the like. One hints romance: "Will bring husband not chauffeur this time." Another competitor, assuming that the normal English household possesses a Bible, sends this: "Adopting Luke xiv. 20, Evelyn Wood gladly accept for both." The reference is "I have married a wife and cannot come."

Although it only elliptically accepts the invitation I think the most deserving is the message sent in by F. Beresford. The "Reply paid" clearly indicates acceptance of the week-end invitation. The second prize is awarded to G. H. Attenborough.

THE WINNING ENTRY

"New name Smithers what can I do with him reply paid Edith."

F. BERESFORD

SECOND PRIZE

"Delighted; not as Beatrice but as Mrs. Benedick, bringing my Benediction along."

G. H. ATTENBOROUGH

25B. All the epigrams submitted have at least one good line and most of them attempt to capture the genteel miniature of "London's Merceria." Most of the competitors take it for granted that the Arcade is to be demolished. Happily there is no immediate threat of that. Burlington Arcade, old in delicate human folly, would seem a fit subject for acid epigram, but there is little of that in the work submitted, although it is not quite left out. Bow-wow's four lines are ingenious in the Regency plaster tradition, but they suggest effort rather than leisure:

Be on your guard, if here to buy you wish:
"Cavendo tutus" tells of Cavendish;
And 'tis a certain fact—I'll take my davy—
You will get dished, sir, if you don't keep *cave*.

The most ambitious and on the whole the best, to which the first prize is given, is sent in by A. A. le M. S.

E. Kingston also has the right spirit and fancy but has too many dull lines. G. M. Graham, whose phrase "Wistful elfin houses" gets near the soul of the Arcade, takes the second prize.

THE WINNING EPIGRAM

Beside that House which shared thine honoured name,
Of art no greater, if of greater fame,
While Hers makes taste for Croesus and his wife,
Thy—humbler—Muse adorned their daily life.
Ghost of a time when flowers still decked Vauxhall,
When "beans" were "beaux," and shopkeepers
were small,
What Ware* planned for an uncommercial town,
Our closer age, grown more aware, pulls down.

A. A. le M. S.

SECOND PRIZE

While wistful elfin houses line the stage,
As if to plight their troth
With long ago,
"Ogres" and "fairies" of a later age,
And larger, coarser growth,
Flit to and fro.

G. H. GRAHAM

* Ware, the architect who designed Burlington Arcade.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

DOUBTLESS the most discussed book among those before us will be Dean Inge's 'England' (Benn, 10s. 6d.). It belongs to that series in which the whole modern world is being surveyed, but differs, very properly, from its predecessors in that it avoids the presentation of knowledge which, however much needed as regards Russia or India, is already within the possession of readers when England is in question. At first glance it seems to be a thoroughly characteristic performance, independent in its distribution of emphasis over the various ills from which the country is suffering, somewhat less so in the terms of its criticism, but rich in material for disputation.

It is amusing to juxtapose a volume, not new but newly translated into English, by so very different a thinker as the late Rémy de Gourmont: 'The Natural Philosophy of Love' (Casanova Society, 21s.). We have no English equivalent, though at a pinch we might put forward Mr. Havelock Ellis, not so much because both have studied sex as because both have brought singularly unprejudiced minds to bear on primary problems. It was the distinction of Rémy de Gourmont, or one of his distinctions, since he was so variously accomplished, that he consistently broke the conventional associations of ideas, declining to admit moral or aesthetic considerations into regions to which they are really alien; he can seldom have done so more boldly than in the book which Mr. Ezra Pound has now translated.

With Viscount Grey and his 'Fallodon Papers' (Constable, 10s. 6d.) we are in a very different world. Here is part of the explanation why the mere politician will never count for very much in this country. Whatever our aberrations, our permanent desire is to be governed by whole men, and of such is the writer who here addresses us on the pleasures of reading, on nature, on Wordsworth, on public life.

We should not place Mr. Henry Ford among whole men; he is a specialist, with the barely credible ingenuousness of the big American business man. But with all his limitations he is always deserving of attention; and 'To-day and To-morrow' (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), which he and Mr. Samuel Crowther have written together, contains, as even a preliminary examination shows, many passages on the opportunities and weaknesses of big business which are worthy of serious study.

'In Savage Australia' (Philip Allan, 21s.) is something of a curiosity. The work of a distinguished Norwegian authority on pisciculture, who went exploring in Australia a generation ago, it has been translated into English by himself, though he has persuaded two English friends to check his version. Apart from this, it appears to be a vivid record of remarkable experiences.

'The Formation of the Greek People' (Kegan Paul, 16s.) is a study, by Professor A. Jarde, of a subject not very often or very elaborately treated by English scholarship.

'Quevedo' (Routledge, 12s. 6d.), the latest addition to the excellent series of translations issued by these publishers, gives us the versions of Sir Roger L'Estrange, John Stevens and others, revised and edited by Charles Duff.

NOTICE

Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW should notify temporary changes of address to the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

REVIEWS

OLIVES AND SALTED ALMONDS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Beasts and Super-Beasts. Reginald, and Reginald in Russia. The Chronicles of Clovis. The Unbearable Bassington. The Toys of Peace. By "Saki" (H. H. Munro). The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. each.

IN his introduction to 'The Unbearable Bassington' Mr. Maurice Baring says very plausibly that it is "the most interesting, because the most serious and most deeply felt, just as from a literary point of view it is likewise the most 'important' because the most artistically executed of his books." He adds, with greater justice, that it wants "a stronger dose of that without which a tragedy is not a tragedy: pity." "Saki" attempted to write a tragedy without the element of pity and so made failure certain. As Mr. Baring says, "the pity is there": as he does not say, it is very evidently there because "Saki" felt the necessity, in a mistaken enterprise, of something for which he had no natural gift. 'The Unbearable Bassington' is an "important" book chiefly because it helps us to ascertain the boundaries of its author's real but limited genius.

The world in which he was at home was an artificial world. Mathematicians can construct whole universes, consistent with themselves at every point, by making certain preliminary assumptions, such as that two parallel straight lines must eventually meet or that the angles of a triangle make more or less than two right angles. The geometries based on such assumptions are called non-Euclidean geometries and the possible number of them is endless. Endless too is the number of worlds which the artist can create by making preliminary assumptions about human nature. And as these assumptions are generally of the absence of some quality which in fact exists, they often appeal to the artist because they give him to deal with a life that is more manageable than real life, they reduce the number of interacting factors. But when an author makes this choice, or has it made for him by nature, we know that, however exquisite and pure may be his talent, its range is restricted, it will appeal to us in relatively infrequent moments. And "Saki" made himself an artificial world by leaving out pity and all that goes with it.

It may seem ungracious to write of him thus on the occasion of a memorial edition, supplied with panegyrics by well-qualified admirers. But he is one of those authors whom their admirers love so much and with so peculiar a love as to fear that exact definitions may seem frigid and unconvincing to the outside world. They take refuge, therefore, in laudation that is at one moment too gingerly and at another too bold. The introductions to these five volumes, by Mr. H. W. Nevins, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. A. A. Milne, Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, all strike me in this way. They are all very eulogistic and they are all very vague. They leave the impression that the writers sincerely hold a high opinion of "Saki," but they might well leave an otherwise uninstructed reader wondering why. It is therefore worth insisting that while his talent was, as Mr. Walpole calls it, "unique," it was also strictly limited. His reputation will not in the long run profit from praise without reservations.

Mr. Walpole also says:

As the little "Reginald" sketches appeared . . . they delighted a great many people, who, however, spoke of them as ephemera, the brilliant journalism of a rather light and buttery character. In his own personality during these years he carried on this superstition; he was to be met at country houses and London parties apparently rather cynical, rather idle and taking life so gently that he might hardly be said to take it at all.

And then Mr. Walpole speaks of this manner as "merely a mask that had disguised him from too curious persons." But if he wore a mask it was one that became part of him and that he could not successfully take off. There may have been all manner of things behind it, but only some of them could be expressed through it. I met him only once and that but for a few minutes. My recollection is of a dark, rather square-faced, rather saturnine, almost surly man, a man of whom one could well believe that much more went on inside him than he would ever care, or be able, to express to the world at large. So much is supported by the plainly, unspectacularly heroic end of his life. The mistake is to suppose that the unexpressed rest of him can somewhere, somehow, be discerned in what he actually wrote. It cannot. He was one of those men, perhaps, to whom it is permitted to say something on the condition that much more shall go unsaid.

'The Unbearable Bassington' shows him trying to say more than was permitted. The tragedy of the young man who, with every grace and attraction, ruined his life simply because he could not bring himself to consider others, failed because it did not go as deep in execution as its design required. Comus Bassington ("Saki" makes an excuse for the odd name, which he never did for that of Clovis Sangrail) misses all his chances, misses his heiress, and goes off, at the age of twenty or so, with his doom on him, to die miserably in West Africa. And yet he is just such another as Reginald Clovis, young men whose shining-surfaced egotism is their main charm. Who can imagine descending on Reginald or Clovis the retribution which in a real world their selfishness would demand? They live in an unreal world, from which, for whatever deeper reason, "Saki" has abstracted the quality of pity, in a world at any rate in which the quality of pity is unnecessary. 'The Unbearable Bassington' makes the worst of both worlds: it is as though a character from 'The Mikado' should somehow stray into a novel by Mr. Galsworthy.

"Saki's" own world is one in which people naturally say: "She was a good cook as cooks go, and as cooks go she went," in which scientists train cats to talk and in which such cats are inevitably done to death for fear of the secrets they may have overheard and betray, in which escaped hyenas eat gipsy children with no more comment from a bystander on the question whether the child suffered than that "the indications were all that way; on the other hand, of course, it may have been crying from sheer temper. Children sometimes do." "Saki" was a great wit and at his best had a highly concentrated and individual flavour, a flavour which the palate once accustomed to it remembers and appreciates. But there are certain things the essence of which, it is said, demands that you should never feel you have had quite enough of them. Among these, according to the best judges, are olives and salted almonds, and some add cucumber sandwiches and kisses. "Saki's" epigrams (and his best short stories are epigrammatic in form) go with the olives and the salted almonds. It takes an educated palate to appreciate their flavour, and that palate will not have a glut of them. But a world that had neither olives nor salted almonds would be as sad as a world which pretended one could make a meal off either would be misguided.

CHURCH AND EMPIRE

The Pagan Background of Early Christianity. By W. R. Halliday. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

RELIGION lives by the death of religions": but also by their contacts and reactions. And an age such as ours, so bewildered and so uncertain about the fundamental bases of life, finds a fascination in the

study of that conflict of religions in the ancient world out of which emerged historical Christianity. It was an age hungry for "salvation"; there was never a time, Dr. Glover estimates, in which—beneath the frivolity and cynicism—there was such a thirst for a true knowledge of God. And innumerable philosophies and cults offered their panaceas for its sickness and competed for the allegiance of mankind. Among them was the "Galilean" faith, which alone proved to possess survival value. Why was it that Christianity won? Our grandfathers would not have asked that question. For them the "pagan" world was a sink of sin, as St. Paul and Juvenal agree in witnessing, its religion was superstitious and idolatrous; and Truth and Purity converted it. If we take the imperial world at its worst, and Christianity at its Pauline level, that is an easy thesis to maintain. But it is not objective history. On the other hand, the tendency of to-day is to take the opposite extreme. It is clear enough, we say, that the new spirit had to build itself a body. The new faith moved out into the imperial world, and the form which in fact it has actually assumed was conditioned by historical necessity. It had to adapt itself to its environment—though it lost its own integrity in the process—and Christianity emerged victorious because it assimilated all its rivals. That is to say that what finally emerged was not Christianity at all—in the sense of the religion preached by Jesus—but a sort of variorum edition of the declining Hellenistic cults.

This contention is hopelessly exaggerated; for one cannot account for the Christian society—the most startling miracle of history—by any minimizing of its dependence on the Person from whom it draws its vitality. Nevertheless it contains more truth than the other. The early Christians moved in the same world of thought and feeling as their contemporaries. They were exposed to the same influences and inherited the same social structure. Their religious presuppositions were largely the same—which caused St. Paul such enormous difficulties. And yet they remained, and emerged, "different." The very sternness of the antagonism was due to the great extent of their common ground. And hence it is true, as Prof. Halliday claims, "that no one who is devoid of any sympathetic understanding of pagan thought and literature, can have anything of essential value to tell us about the contemporary Christians."

That a great deal in imperial Christianity looked the same as a great deal in paganism was obvious to both sides at the time. Both sides fell back on a rather crude *tu quoque*; the pagans said that the best in classical culture had been borrowed (and spoiled) by the Galilean fanatics. The Christian Fathers—brought up in the same tradition—had recourse to a theory of diabolical imitation, especially with reference to the "Mysteries" on which so much research and imagination has been lavished by Cumont, Reitzenstein and others. *Habet ergo diabolus Christos suos* said Firmicius Maternus. With our more developed psychological science we are not likely to be content with that. Similarity does not necessarily mean copying. And, in any case, almost all religions *look* alike in their cultus and outward "doings"—τὰ ὁρατὰ was the technical word at Eleusis: their difference is in doctrine and content and the inward, unseen spirit which animates them. The right way, therefore, to approach the problem is that which Prof. Halliday here adopts—to study the world into which the new faith came, its social and psychological condition, its moral and intellectual strength and weakness. One is then in a position to understand just where and why Christianity made its appeal, and to estimate the inherent dynamic which enabled it to survive when the old faiths died.

That there was a distinctive factor in Christianity which was somehow different from expiring paganism and was recognized as a real social menace, is

evidenced by the imperial policy. Diocletian having failed to stamp it out, Constantine took the exactly opposite line; and Julian himself is the most impressive witness, by his attempt at constructing an imitation of it. But a "church" that should *look* the same, and yet lack Christ, was a temple built without a foundation.

Prof. Halliday writes as a historian and a trained student of classical religion. His task is not theological at all, but, as his title denotes, to sketch in the background. His work is excellently done. He gives a sound and very readable summary of the Hellenistic world under the Antonines, studying its main drifts and tendencies—economic, social, religious, intellectual—and gives a good sketch of the Mysteries and Mithraism. Inside that now familiar context he sets the formative force of Christianity. He leaves it there, with his own confession of faith, that in 1 Cor. xiii. there is something quite other than the best, let us say, in stoicism. Christianity and stoicism are two contrasted attitudes to life, and mankind has finally to choose between them. The ancient world, at least, gave its verdict.

The treatment is not designed for the specialist, who will not find here anything very new: but this is an excellent book for the general reader.

UNSCIENTIFIC IDEALISM

Scientific Humanism. By Lothrop Stoddard. Scribners. 7s. 6d.

IT would be hard to find a book extolling the scientific point of view which was so little imbued with it as this one. We are used to being infuriated by Dr. Stoddard's writings, which pour forth thick and fast, for he has contracted the habit of leading out a beautiful idea and proceeding to sweat it, beat it to death and drag about its corpse before the eyes of his helpless readers. In this case the idea is a larger one and its treatment more brutal than usual. There is the brevity of a pamphlet without the brevity, for an appreciable percentage of these thirty thousand words are words and nothing more; the argument also threshes round and round in coils when it ought to be pressing forward. It is, in fact, a scamped job. If it had been handled as Dr. Stoddard is undoubtedly capable of handling it we should have enjoyed a notable piece of work.

His argument is that we have now the material fruits of science broadcast over a world only a fraction of which has caught the scientific spirit at all, and that the growing unscientific emotionalism of the masses is, especially under democracy, a real menace to free discussion and the spread of truth, perhaps even leading to another Dark Age on the lines of Monkeyville. He pleads for a Scientific Humanism, of the sort that died in its infancy during the Renaissance, to overcome the astounding amount of disguised emotionalism masquerading as thought which he observes at the present day. Simply as the presentation of a point of view this would be well enough, but Dr. Stoddard's vague scientific pretensions produce, intentionally or not, the impression that he is expounding proven fact. The impression attempts to browbeat you into believing that if you differ at all your spiritual home is certainly Dayton, Tennessee. It need not be said that this approach to the subject is very far from the true scientific outlook which Dr. Stoddard preaches. Instead of persuading and convincing he stirs up in the reader the very opposite reactions of a devil's advocate. We will take his own examples of the application of science being frustrated by sheer prejudice.

The first is eugenics. Throwing overboard all pretence of scientific method he insists that we cannot afford to "do nothing but let biologists accumulate

fresh data" or we shall be too late. Act now, and investigate the subject later. "Absolute proof is the correct ideal for the laboratory, but "balance of proof" is the proper rule for everyday life. This, of course, since sterilization is involved, is pure Lydford Law (where in the morn they hang and draw and sit in judgment after), but apart from that the implication that there is a balance of proof this way is itself only an assertion. Reasonable eugenists, like the President of the Eugenics Education Society in his recent book, admit that any definite programme is full of dangers and complications. Which are the low-grade stocks Dr. Stoddard is going to take steps against? Presumably epilepsy and insanity come in, but as things are it would be just as reasonable to retort that lunacy and epilepsy are among the most valuable heritages of the race. He should go through the list of that "infinitely precious minority" by whom modern civilization has been forged; a more shocking group of people from the standpoint of eugenics could hardly be gathered together by chance. We are unable to distinguish scientifically between "high-grade" and "low-grade" stocks without making mere worldly success the criterion, and no serious effort has been made to unravel the question of heredity and environment in human terms. The other point is the intelligence tests. Considering the immaturity of psychological science, and the undoubtedly experimental state of the tests, it is not fair to put down all opposition to blind emotional hostility. The principle of finally judging and classifying men is so far-reaching that it should not be thrust on them compulsorily until the system has been better tried out. Both these cases, stigmatized as foolish prejudice against science, actually represent opposition to very drastic measures proposed on data and experience which are perilously and unscientifically incomplete.

Dr. Stoddard has much to say on faith in "solving words"—Democracy, Progress, Uplift, and so on. But Scientific Humanism, at any rate in the way it is here presented, is itself merely another of these solving words that lead nowhere. It never occurs to him to discuss the effects its spread would have on everyday life. He ignores, that is to say, the question whether lamentations over the hopelessness of the mob may not amount to cursing the navvy for having horny hands. Would those infected with "scientific humanism" be able to go on standing the monotony or drudgery of the tasks that the majority must do? At first glance it seems much more likely to take them as it did Mr. H. G. Wells. The movement from the draper's to intellectualism is only feasible on a small scale; it would surely have been worth considering whether enough of the surplus scientific humanists would in practice grin and bear the haberdashery department.

In pointing out these objections we do not utterly disagree with Dr. Stoddard's arguments. The idea is not a bad one; good enough at least to make us sorry to see it so "sloppily" worked out, for we find here flagrant examples of nearly all the vices against which he very rightly warns us as hindrances both to science and to civilization. He has done a notable disservice to the cause he advocates.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Czechoslovakia. By Jessie Mothersole. The Bodley Head. 18s. net.

THIS volume had its origin in a romance and it is written in a romantic and enthusiastic spirit. Three years ago Miss Mothersole was asked by a London firm to write a travel book on "a country of Europe," and she proposed Czechoslovakia. The firm in question did not receive the choice with favour; five minutes later she was having an interview with another publisher, and her present work is the result.

Miss Mothersole says that her book, which is the outcome of several visits to Czechoslovakia, is not in

tended for the reader who knows that country, but for the millions to whom the young-old State is nothing but a new name on the map and who would perhaps be puzzled to put their finger upon it there. This is a correct description of the book; but if its contents and the journeys which it describes are somewhat confused and ill-arranged Miss Mothersole's work has two outstanding advantages. In the first place, whereas she relies to a great extent for her more serious information upon such authorities as Mr. Seton Watson and the late Count Lützow, she has herself mixed with the people, she has travelled by cart, by raft and by train in districts which are seldom visited by foreigners, and, even if she is an enthusiast for everything connected with her subject, she describes the country as she believes it to be. And, the book is beautifully illustrated by the author.

She had many interesting journeys and amusing experiences, the former being facilitated by a wonderful railway guide, which indicates stations possessed of a restaurant by means of a crossed knife and fork, and which shows the trains running only on school teaching days. She slept in hotels, where the question, so common in Central and Eastern Europe, arose as to whether a whole room or only a bed in a room was required, and she was led to hope for the luxury of a bath by a cheerful placard, only to find that this highly desirable article lay on its side and was unconnected with any water supply. In one place in Slovakia Miss Mothersole found a picture of Kruger in a high hat; in Ruthenia the railway authorities refused to accept a 500 crown note because a hole, the size of a pin's head, had been burned in it by cigarette ash; and in another village a man produced some live cockchafers out of his trouser pocket and threw them at her with a silly laugh.

But if Miss Mothersole's volume is in the main a lively account of the experiences of an artist, she also gives some useful facts about the country, its leaders, and its actual conditions. The area of Czechoslovakia is only slightly less than that of Great Britain. Jasina, the most easterly railway station in the country, is 530 miles from Prague, and the Central European position of the Republic renders it important from many standpoints. The lives and characters of M. Masaryk and Dr. Benes, by far the most important statesmen, are well described, and the author devotes an interesting chapter to the subject of Land Reform. Last but not least, Miss Mothersole notices that the Peace Treaties have extended Czechoslovakia for a short distance to the south of the Danube in order to protect Bratislava (Pressburg) and established the Czechoslovak-Rumanian boundary in such a position that connexion between various parts of Ruthenia is maintained by means of a line which runs through twenty miles of Rumanian territory.

The book has a useful bibliography and index, but it contains no list of chapters and the chapters themselves are not titled. These shortcomings, coupled with the fact that the illustrations soon become loose and that the map faces the back cover, and thus is very awkward for reference, should be corrected if a new edition is issued.

POST-WAR POLITICS

The Cockpit of Peace. By Ferdinand Tuohy. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE COCKPIT OF PEACE' does not quite come up to our expectations, because it is Mr. Tuohy's misfortune to be so clever and witty a writer that we expect a great deal more from him than we should from most journalists who have spent the years since the Armistice in strange and spectacular travel through a chaotic Europe. There are a few of

those neat phrases which made his despatches from Paris to the *New York World* so fascinating, but the book as a whole is *décousu*, and for the reason that Mr. Tuohy has generously tried to give us too much. The political chapters, and notably those recounting his interviews with Caillaux and Ludendorff and his journey to America with Clemenceau, are extremely interesting; the social gossip from the Riviera and Montmartre will appeal to some; and the intimate details of the life of a newspaper correspondent will appeal to others. Three books from Mr. Tuohy would have been more acceptable than this effort to deal adequately with three subjects in less than 400 pages.

Two or three brief quotations will illustrate the author's facility for neat description. In one chapter on the United States there is a delightful picture of Greenwich Village with its layers of "atmosphere" plastered on by business bohemians, its horn-rimmed Mimos in sex-rebellion over cigarettes and candy and serious young men Baudelairing on ice-cream soda, its book stores featuring the latest social clairvoyance from Moscow and Munich and Chicago, and cabarets waxing Cossack on pie and jovial inns replete with flowing bowls of iced water," while he describes a visit to the Paris Theatre as "sitting suffocating while husbands are betrayed by lovers in pyjamas."

Mr. Tuohy's political criticisms are acute and to the point. Much of the bad feeling between Great Britain and France he rightly attributes to the "hats off to France" policy of the Northcliffe and Rothermere Press, the result of which has been "that the French, accepting as hall-marked and as something which was only just as it should be this incorrect and sloppy show of dog-like English devotion, became instantaneously convinced, on its cessation, that England had deserted France," and we have yet to find a nearer description of the American Debt policy than his reference to America's insistence "on the over-payment of a debt the nature of which in its essence must ever be closely akin to that of a joint, uncontrolled and uncontrollable bill run up by friends on a night up at Montmartre."

Mr. Tuohy has for the moment deserted daily journalism. Inevitably he will drift back to it, for its comings and goings are food and drink to him; but before he does so we hope he will find time to give us another and more detailed book on his adventures, for he can be equally interesting on prohibition, politics, *faits divers* and the ethics of journalism.

IN THE BEGINNING

Our Prehistoric Ancestors. By Dorothy Davison. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

ALARGE section of the reading public must by this time have felt the want of just such a book as this is. Learned words like "palæolithic" have become common in the newspapers, and the ordinary man is slowly becoming aware that something is known of the life of his ancestors long before the history he was taught at school begins. The discoveries of the bones of ape-men or marvellous drawings and sculptures hidden away in subterranean caves are recurrent features of our illustrated weeklies, but the reader is normally unable to put them in their proper relation to the general scheme of knowledge. This book is a very successful attempt to supply exactly the information required. It is simply and competently written, and within its own limits accurate and trustworthy; it is well illustrated and traces the history of man, so far as we know it, from the earliest stages of animal evolution to the end of the great Ice ages and the beginning of the New Stone Age. It will be of especial value to teachers and to young people as giving a clear conspectus of the subject, and forming an admirable basis for museum study.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli. By Ronald Firbank. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

Ways of Escape. By Noel Forrest. Constable. 7s. 6d.

THIS is the age of specialists, and wherever we look we see their ring-fences jealously shutting off those tracts of art and knowledge which were once free to all. These enclosures have much reduced the common pasture of the mind, reduced it and transformed it; for the amateur who peeps over into the specialists' preserve sees little that he recognizes and less that he understands. The landscape is strange, the language stranger; perchance he must enter a novitiate and acknowledge the priesthood of the specialist.

But the modern novel knows no such contraction. Poetry and painting may tend to direct their appeal to a handful of illuminati: the novel takes the whole world for its province. It is the Selfridge's, the Harrods, of the arts. It may squeeze itself, as in the work of Mrs. Woolf, into the compass of a single consciousness, or like some gas capable of indefinite expansion it may go on soaring and spreading in a cloud altogether out of proportion to the small brew from which it sprang. Of this kind is 'The World of William Clissold,' as the first instalment (there are two more to follow) reveals it. A few pages of direct narrative; a great deal of reminiscence; and thereafter discussions upon anything and everything:

Must the characters in our English and American novels [asks Mr. Wells in his foreword] be forever more as cleaned of thought as a rabbit is of its bowels, before they can be served up for consumption? This book, which contains religious, historical, economic and sociological discussions, which expresses fits of temper and moods of doubt, is at any rate submitted as a novel, as a whole novel and nothing but a novel, as the story of one man's adventure, body, soul and intelligence, in life. If you are the sort of person who will not accept it as a novel, then please leave it alone.

So now you know. For our part we are perfectly prepared to accept it as a novel; but we do not so readily admit the evisceration or exenteration of thought with which Mr. Wells charges the characters of his predecessors, both English and American. Many novelists before Mr. Wells have served up their rabbits entire. The question of cooking comes in. Fielding, for instance, unwilling to forgo the bowels, reduced them to tabloid form and served them separately; by this arrangement the reader who wanted to get on with the story could decline them and proceed to what was (for him) more palatable fare. And even Mr. Wells, in spite of his disclaimer, makes some indication, by means of such headings as 'Money,' 'Reincarnation of Socialism,' 'History of Toil Through the Ages,' as to where the intestine of thought begins and where it ends. Nature is less considerate and we are grateful to Mr. Wells.

Where Mr. Wells does break new ground, or rather (since he has done it before) continues to plough a lonely furrow, is in the matter of introducing into his pages real people and calling them by their own names. "You cannot have a man like William Clissold" (he says) "going about the world of to-day and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of." Perhaps you cannot have a man of Clissold's calibre so forlorn of social encounters, though the exact eminence of his position the present chapter of his history leaves vague. He was the son of a swindler who committed suicide upon being found guilty by the courts, and his early years were spent upon the Continent in enforced seclusion. But it is not for nothing that novelists have refrained from calling to their aid well-known con-

temporary personages. Biography and fiction make bad bed-fellows; their interaction is unhappy, they get the worst out of each other. Moreover, in the present case their juxtaposition tends to make us confuse Mr. Clissold with Mr. Wells, a mistake which the foreword emphatically warns us against.

The mistake is a natural one, the more so because though Mr. Wells gives us pages of Clissold's formulated opinions, those opinions are only partially successful in showing us what Clissold was like. He was devoted to his father and to his father's memory; he felt exasperation and tenderness for his mother; he loved science, he hated muddle and waste. He was fond of the society of women, particularly of Clementina, with whom we find him leading an idyllic life in a Provençal villa. But his character (so far as this volume discloses it) is little more than the sum of his opinions. These opinions are expressed with picturesqueness, lucidity and force; but the personal data they provide is scanty. One agrees or one disagrees, one is always interested, captivated, indeed, by the brilliance of Clissold's exegesis, but one thinks of him impersonally, as the author of a treatise:

As our mental range increases [says Clissold] we realize that in the end frustration and extinction await everything that is purely individual in us. We are beginning, some of us, or even most of us, to develop a further, a more fully adult, mental stage. This adult mentality of the years ahead will be self-neglectful and scientific and creative in comparison with anything that has gone before. It will be consciously and habitually a contributing and co-operating part in the over-mind.

And this is precisely what "increase of mental range" has done for Clissold: it has frustrated and extinguished everything that was purely individual in him; and he is so much the less interesting to us, whatever service he may contribute to the over-mind. He has found his niche; he is secure and content, without preoccupation in his soul's welfare, with no conviction at all of private shortcoming or insufficiency: but with a mind eager for knowledge and an unparalleled gift for imparting it. Stimulated, provoked, soothed, we listen in; not indeed to Clissold's thoughts or confidences, but to the orderly march of his opinions; and why should we mind if the loud-speaker remains a thing of metal and the voice has a slightly inhuman resonance?

Ronald Firbank's work was not widely known and could not be. It is in the highest degree esoteric, and



even the confirmed student would probably be at a loss to find meanings for his more fragmentary paragraphs. His style was his own and it had, if one may say so, more facial expression than almost anyone's; it smiled, smirked, nodded, winked, leered, in short was never still for a moment. But in spite of these contortions it had an underlying rhythm and structure of great beauty and originality. 'The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli' is a *chronique scandaleuse*; a farce of impudence, *double-entendre*, coarseness, whimsicality, and imagination. By grafting the manners of the Italian Renaissance on to the court of modern Spain—a Renaissance and a Spain of Mr. Firbank's imagination—he produces a fantastic tree the fruit of which, one feels, would be poisonous if it were real. But it is not; it has no contact with reality. There is much to be said against the book; that to read it is waste of time, that it is incomparably silly, that it is boring, that it is indecent and ought not to be allowed. But all these criticisms are too heavy-handed, like a ponderous blow launched against a mosquito. The most one can say is: What a pity his gift could not find clothes or manners enough to appear in mixed company! Each of his books is in the nature of a private performance, adored by the few, ignored by the many. Living one might have scolded him; dead one can only regret him.

Conventional morality, not quite at home in either of the preceding novels, comes into its own in 'Ways of Escape.' Mr. Forrest has written a sound, and sometimes brilliant, study of an egotist whose belief in himself and his power to bend the lives of others to his own advantage at last recoils upon him. He tyrannizes over his children, his wife, and the provincial town of which he is the chief citizen; and one after another his victims repudiate him, leaving him naked to laughter. Mr. Forrest's danger was obvious: with a theme so plainly outlined, events were only too ready to shape themselves to fit it, to lose their spontaneity and illustrate rather than embody it. From this quandary Mr. Forrest had, perhaps, no way of escape. But, although the pressure of Destiny is so relentless that it almost becomes automatic, Mr. Forrest preserves to his characters what freedom of action he can and he distinguishes them very nicely from each other. 'Ways of Escape,' though a little too long, is a thoughtful and interesting novel.

FORTHCOMING PLAYS

THE OLD VIC. 'King John,' on Saturday, September 4.

STRAND THEATRE. Repertory Players in 'Minetta,' on Sunday, September 5. 'The Whole Town's Talking,' on Tuesday, September 7.

QUEENS' THEATRE. 'And So to Bed,' on Monday, September 6.

COMEDY THEATRE. 'Virginia's Husband,' on Monday, September 6.

Q THEATRE. 'Trust O'Brien,' on Monday, September 6.

BARNES THEATRE. 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' on Wednesday, September 8.

SHAFESBURY THEATRE. 'Just a Kiss,' on Wednesday, September 8.

LONDON PAVILION. 'Blackbirds,' on Thursday, September 9.

BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE. 'The Blue Comet,' on Friday, September 10.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Trial of Katharine Nairn. Edited by William Roughead. ("Notable British Trials" Series). Hodge. 10s. 6d.

IN this volume we have another of Mr. Roughead's fascinating Scots criminological studies. The Ogilvys of Eastmiln were not a lucky race, as the Editor points out, and moreover they seem to have been a very curious family. In 1764, Thomas Ogilvy, the laird, married Katharine Nairn, a girl of nineteen, twenty years his junior. They lived in a small house with five rooms, in a lonely part of the country, and Ogilvy's old mother lived with them. Eastmiln was a delicate man, and seems to have left his young wife to the company of his youngest brother Patrick, who, shortly after the marriage, was invalided home from his regiment in the East Indies. Considerable local scandal very soon arose with regard to the relations between Katharine and Patrick. Taken ill early in the morning, the laird died at midnight on June 6, with every symptom of arsenical poisoning, the poison being said to have been procured by the paramour and administered by the wife in a bowl of tea. On the day of the funeral, Alexander, the youngest brother, a student of medicine in Edinburgh, arrived, and forbade the burial, subsequently laying information with the Sheriff at Forfar, charging his brother and sister-in-law with murder. They were tried at Edinburgh on August 6, on the dual charge of murder and incest. A sinister figure in the case was Anne Clark, a woman of bad character and a cousin of the murdered man, who stayed in the house for three months before his death, and gave very damning evidence against the accused. They were found guilty, and Patrick was hanged, while Katharine's sentence was postponed on account of her pregnancy. A daughter was born to her on February 27, 1765, and two days before she was to be brought up to receive sentence she escaped to France, after various vicissitudes. Mr. Roughead deals skilfully and shrewdly with his material, a great deal of which is new, and recreates the whole affair very vividly.

Easingden. By J. G. Sinclair. John George Sinclair. 5s.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Sinclair has written a remarkable and disturbing book. We are ready to overlook a certain clumsiness of style and an occasional lapse into cheapness, because the whole book is so patently sincere and felt. Easingden is a small mining village—typical, we are to suppose—and Mr. Sinclair gives a fearless, incisive account of life there. We are not prepared to pronounce on the truth of his picture to modern fact, but we can assert that it is artistically true, that it gives, that is to say, an impression of truth.

Mr. Sinclair's book is not a treatise nor a reasoned polemic; it is a passionately presented image which has stirred the author to revolt, which at least must stir any reader to thought. There are moments, too, of fine prose, as when he describes the disaster at Hartley. We could wish that he had not damaged the effect of that passage by his concluding nonsense about Browning. It is time the "God's in his Heaven" extract ceased to be wrenched from its context to the damnation of Browning's intelligence and imagination. If Mr. Sinclair will read the whole poem he will form a different opinion of Browning's philosophy.

Here's Ireland. By Harold Speakman. Arrowsmith. 15s.

IT requires a certain amount of courage to write 'New Travels with a Donkey,' which is the sub-title of Mr. Speakman's book, though we have not noticed any other allusion to Stevenson. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Speakman's courage is justified by results, and that Grania, the "wee horse," is quite as sympathetic a personage as her forerunner Modestine. Grania cost only two pounds, whereas the price of Modestine was sixty-five francs—when the franc was at par—and a glass of brandy. Mr. Speakman took warning by his predecessor's troubles with the pack, and put his donkey in the shafts of a country cart; all the same he had the usual difficulty with the harness. His account of his wanderings throughout Ireland, from Glengariff to the Giant's Causeway and from Dublin to Galway, is entertaining and in parts instructive. As the peasants puzzled him by saying, he is "very plain for an American." Reproductions of a dozen of the author's own spirited drawings add charm to the book.

Naval Prints. By E. Keble Chatterton. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON has an enthusiasm for prints and for ships and an extensive knowledge of both. In this attractive book, with its thirty-four illustrations, he has placed both at our disposal. Surely nothing lovelier than the old wooden sailing ship ever came from the hand of man. It is not necessary to be either a practical sailor or a print collector to enjoy dipping into this well-produced volume. There is perhaps a little unnecessary emphasis on the commercial aspect of what should be a disinterested hobby, but as the "Chats" series appeals to a wide circle that may perhaps be forgiven.

Hampton Court Gardens: Old and New. By Ernest Law. Bell. 3s. 6d.

THE gardens at Hampton Court are an unfailing source of pleasure to everyone who loves flowers no matter at what time of the year they may be visited. They are more formal in arrangement than those of Kew; indeed, the ingenuity displayed in their lay-out is one of the delights they have to offer. In this book Mr. Ernest Law gives us the full schemes of all the bedding in the Herbaceous and Mixed Borders and the flower-beds, and shows the position of every flower and shrub in the gardens. His own chief triumph is the Knott Garden, which has acquired a creditable look of antiquity though it was only laid out in the Spring of 1924. The book is well-illustrated with plans and views and should be a constant companion of every visitor to Hampton Court.

From Plotinus to St. Thomas Aquinas. By W. R. V. Brade. Faith Press. 2s. 6d.

THIS is an extremely useful little book which brings together in five chapters nearly everything that an ordinary educated reader, not specially interested in the study of philosophy, would wish to know of the passage from Greek philosophy to the system of St. Thomas Aquinas. Neo-Platonism was the greatest influence on the development of Christian philosophy, and when Aristotle's teaching came in its turn to be studied, it was interpreted and modified by the teachings of Augustine. There is a very able résumé of the Arab tradition of Aristotle, and some account of Aristotle among the Jews, which, however, omits mention of Avicenna. The criticism of St. Thomas as a guide in modern difficulties is just and temperate. This little volume of some hundred pages will bear comparison with many far more pretentious studies of medieval philosophy, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

The Fighting Forces. Vol. III, No. 2. Gale and Polden. 5s.

THE July number of this service quarterly was delayed for a month by the general strike, and the article which appeals most strongly to the civilian reader is a brief but excellent account of the work done by the Navy during those anxious nine days. Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy contributes a thoughtful plea for the establishment of a single Ministry of Defence, on the ground that, apart from all other considerations, we should thus save about £20,000,000 per annum with the fighting forces at their present strength. Among technical articles the best are Colonel Fuller's 'Tank Lessons of the Great War,' and Captain Paton's 'Machine Guns and Tank Attacks.' The summary of the Bolshevik War Minister's estimate of the Red Army is a timely contribution to our knowledge.



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THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for September opens with 'The Order of Release,' a little play of St. Francis by Laurence Housman, in which Brother Juniper is the chief spokesman. Mr. F. Gribble describes 'Mme. de Staél in Search of a Husband'—an Irish officer in the Austrian service. 'Nomad' has no nostrum for 'The Future of Cricket' except the cultivation of the cricketing spirit and turf wickets. Mr. Lloyd reviews 'New Books.' Mr. R. C. Long writes with knowledge on 'Zinovieff's Overthrow, and After,' specially dealing with the economic position of Russia. Mr. Miall makes some useful suggestions as the result of 'Talks with Miners in the Rhondda Valley.' Mr. Carr's account of 'Clemenceau' is admirably written and well-timed. Mr. Bell explains the implications of 'M. Poincaré's Return.' Mr. Hurd writes of the forthcoming Imperial Conference, and Mr. Hugh Spender of the League of Nations. The literary interest of the number is unusually limited.

The *London Mercury* makes out a case for the high prices of first editions, but proves too much; no one who is ever going to use first editions can pay the prices asked. The poetry is interesting. Mr. C. E. Montague tells one of those stories of the war which fill ordinary people with bitterness; Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Coppard give us studies in the futility of life. Mr. Drinkwater renders us a service by editing some marginalia of Coleridge on Milton. Mr. Herring recalls the more recent exploits of M. Diaghileff's Ballet 'In Tranquillity'; it is a pity he was unable to complete an admirable study by an analysis of Nijinsky at his best. The best of the Notes and Chronicles are those by Mr. Newdigate on Book-production, Mr. Powys on Cottage Preservation, Mr. Strangways on Music, Mr. Shanks on Mr. Wells, Prince Mirsky on the English infatuation for Chekhov and Mr. Herring on Dramatic Literature.

The *National Review* in its 'Episodes' deals with Germany and the League of Nations, American friendliness to England in action, the Imperial Conference, Mr. Baldwin and Cricket. The Vice-Provost of Eton studies the second half of the *Aeneid* and gives us translations of the tit-bits. Mr. Coward describes the bird life of the shores of Holland, Miss Fairbridge eulogizes South Africa as a place to live in, and Major Pott tells a good story. The political articles include a very good one by Mr. Murton on 'Canada and the Imperial Conference,' and a paper by Mr. Maxse on the Serajevo murder and the German reaction to it.

The *Adelphi* is distinguished by three fine papers, by Mr. Middleton Murry, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson and 'The Journeyman.' In the first the editor sets out to review Spengler, but only gets so far as his name in the last sentence; he takes Joyce and Proust, D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster as representative of the literature of to-day, and examines the way in which they embody the modern spirit. Mr. Tomlinson, in 'A Victory by Gentlemen' puts the views of the ordinary working-man on the attitude of the governing classes to the miners, with a simple and bitter directness which must make an impression on thinking people. 'The Journeyman' castigates cruelly an unnamed writer on modern criticism who is able to imagine fifty Italian poets and one hundred Chinese greater than Keats.

The *English Review* gives us 'A Chinese View of English Culture for China,' which is more of a criticism of England than anything else. Mr. Gribble tells the story of how a Frenchwoman arranged 'The Making of Anatole France'—a few dates would have added verisimilitude to it. Mervale champions the aesthetics of Ruskin against the cheap criticisms of writers who do not seem to have read him. Dr. Agnes Savil champions Opera as a popular introduction to the musical education of the nation, and there is some good fiction and book reviews.

The *Empire Review* has for its chief paper this month, one on 'The Crisis in the Theosophical Society' brought about by Mrs. Besant's new Messiah, and her dealings with the Old Catholic Church. It is a curiously involved story. Sir V. Chirol writes on India from Greek and Roman times up to the present. The Vice-Provost of Eton writes charmingly on the great epigrams of Simonides and Callimachus. Mr. E. G. Swain tells the other side of the story about 'Free Cathedrals' and there are other papers on Trotsky, West Africa, Sex Determination, etc., etc., to make up a varied and interesting number.

Blackwood is as varied and interesting as is its use. Lord Onslow tells of the sports of a diplomatist from polo and pig-sticking to bear shooting. Mr. Copplestone tells how the gold sunk in the *Laurentic* was recovered, and there are stories from Africa, Baffin Land, Hindustan and Malaysia. 'Musings without Method' tell the story of the University Commission and the havoc it has wrought, and ends with a discussion of the futilities of psycho-analysis as applied to literary criticism.

MOTORING

INCONSIDERATE PARKING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

OWING to the presence of an attendant at most of the parking places for motor vehicles in towns and cities, there is little cause for complaint of the manner in which drivers park their cars in populous centres. In many cases, however, it is surprising how little care is taken by individual drivers to see that they are not in the way of drivers of other cars who may wish to get out without having to shift the newcomer. At seaside places sensible motorists park their vehicles *en échelon*, or staggered to the line of the kerb, so that every car is independent of others and can come and go without difficulty or disturbing other vehicles in the same parking line. That system should be obligatory at all public parking grounds. When a number of cars stand close to each other parallel with the roadway, sometimes more than half the line has to be moved to allow any one car to get away, unless it is at either of the extreme ends of the line. But there is more inconsiderate parking on country roads and in villages than in all our cities combined, especially at this season of the year when touring parties and picnics are plentiful. Time after time thoughtless drivers leave their vehicles on the roadside, in places where they constitute an actual danger to other drivers. Instead of leaving their motor in such a position that it can be seen by approaching drivers some distance away, cars are left at bends and corners so that the overtaking driver has to swing across on to the wrong side of the road and risk meeting another car coming in the opposite direction, into whose path he has been compelled, by the wrongly parked vehicle, to cross. Similarly cars are left by their drivers near to the crown of a hill so that they cannot be seen until within a few yards from its crest, and the obstruction comes as a surprise and menace to other traffic.

* * *

An interesting example of how the motor vehicle is breaking down natural barriers is to be found in the inauguration of two motor omnibus services across the Alps from France to Italy. On account of the high cost of construction, railway lines over the Alps are few and far between. In fact, only two exist between France and Italy, one crossing by the Mont-Cenis tunnel and the other near the Mediterranean shore. A direct motor-omnibus service is now in operation from Turin to Briançon, the highest township in France. This line forms the connecting link between a network of motor-bus services spreading all over northern Italy and an equally important set of motor-omnibus lines radiating through south-east France. The journey is one of the most difficult, but at the same time most attractive, to be found in Europe. After a few miles in the Chiesone Valley the motor coaches begin to climb up the Col de Sestrières, 6,669 feet above sea level. Descending into the Chaberton Valley, there is a further climb over the Col du Montgenèvre, also at an altitude of 6,000 feet, followed by a descent to the fortified town of Briançon, 1,480 feet above sea level. Including the stop at the frontier station, the journey of seventy-five miles occupies four and a half hours.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

WITHOUT doubt the most disappointing market in the Stock Exchange during the past year has been that in nitrate shares. It frequently happens that share values either fail to rise or fall through apathy on the part of the investor, and holders merely have to retain their holdings until the swing of the pendulum rights the value of their interest. Unfortunately, however, the drastic fall in nitrate shares has been caused by a sudden and unexpected collapse in the industry itself. I used the word "unexpected" deliberately, because twelve months ago the Chilean nitrate industry was considered to be in a very sound position. Last week there was published in London the verbatim report of the 38th annual general meeting of the Lautaro Nitrate Company held in Valparaiso some weeks ago. In view of the serious fall in the price of Lautaro shares the Chairman's remarks at the meeting are of peculiar interest. He dealt with the position with great frankness and in considerable detail. He explained that the present parlous condition of the Chilean nitrate industry was mainly attributable to the fact that its selling price compared so unfavourably with that of its competitors.

While a reduction of 1s. a quintal had been made, in his opinion this was inadequate, and efforts should be made with the co-operation of the Government to increase the reduction by a further 3s. to 4s. He pointed out that this considerable reduction could only be achieved by the Chilean Government substantially remitting a portion of their existing duty of 5s. per quintal. Given this reduction he was very strongly of opinion that Chilean nitrate would rapidly recuperate its position and would be in a condition to take advantage of the future increase of the universal consumption of fertilizing nitrogen. Dealing with the Lautaro Company in particular, he stated that the local board had decided to delay the payment of the next dividends during the actual stagnation of sales. Dealing with the purchase by the Lautaro Company of the assets of the Antofagasta Nitrate Company, he claimed that the acquisition in normal times might benefit the company by effecting considerable economies. This will probably prove of small consolation to Lautaro shareholders who find their capital largely increased and only six of their twenty-four oficinas in operation. The obvious criticism on this side is that it appears incredible that the nitrate position should have taken a turn for the worse with such suddenness that the directors in Chili were unable to foresee the position that the selling price of their commodity would inevitably bring them to. Equally astounding is it that during the fall in the price of the shares those who should be most conversant with the position of the company and the commodity should have been explaining the fall as due to temporary factors and not have been in a position to explain the position with that clarity which the Chairman has shown in his speech above referred to. It has been only during the last few months that this position has been made clear in this country, with the result that thousands of shares sold both from Chili and from the Continent have been purchased by investors on this side on the strength of advice from those who should have been the first to have known of the changed outlook.

In view of these facts one cannot help wondering whether the seriousness of the position has not been exaggerated with the object of bringing added pressure to bear on the Chilean Government to reduce their

duty. This is the only crumb of comfort I feel justified in extending to holders of Lautaro shares. The information and opinions I have expressed in these notes on this Company were obtained from those who were certainly among the best authorities on the subject in this country. Their information having been so incorrect in the past, no value can be placed on it at the moment. Personally I think that those who hold Lautaro shares would be well advised to retain their holdings and wait for the industry to right itself. The duty on nitrates plays so important a part in the revenue of Chili that sooner or later the Chilean Government will have to accept the alternative of reducing their duty in preference to losing entirely this important source of national revenue.

FRANCOIS CEMENTATION

Among the companies that have directly suffered as a result of the long protracted coal strike must be numbered the François Cementation Company, Limited, as a portion of their activities is centred on contracts for coal mines. This, however, is only a portion of the company's business, and if, as now seems possible, the coal strike is nearing its close, I think that François Cementation shares will once more go ahead, particularly as I believe the company has done very well out of its other businesses. The ordinary shares, which have a nominal value of 1s., are now procurable under 8s. Dividends of 6s. a share free of tax have been paid for the last two years.

UNION CORPORATION

The Union Corporation shares have displayed considerable strength of late. I have referred to these shares frequently in the past, and in my opinion they rank highly among first class holding company investments. The recent rise has been partly caused by the demand for the shares of the company's subsidiaries, Geduld having risen to 4½ and Frisco Mines to 23s. Both these companies are doing extremely well, and in due course I expect to see them go considerably higher. It will be remembered that they pay handsome dividends, and the income of the Union Corporation from these holdings alone must be considerable. The advantage to the cautious investor of holding shares such as Union Corporation is that the company's interests are very widely spread, and in addition to this mining interest the Corporation is largely interested in Enka Artificial Silk Company; this company, having acquired and equipped a factory, is likely to start operations in the reasonably near future.

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TAURUS

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 233

IF IN YOUR FARM-YARD YOU SHOULD FAIL TO SPY US,
AT THE FIRST POULTERER'S STEP IN AND BUY US.
1. Short, sweet, and plaintive is this birdie's song.
2. A helpful lady, though a line too long.
3. One-third of one beloved by Saul of old.
4. Rules in the Orient o'er Tartars bold.
5. An ancient sect, half Christian and half Jew.
6. Say this when you affirm, lest ill ensue.
7. King of the kitchen, where he reigns supreme.
8. Spanish for stew, the learned, madam, deem.
9. Still sometimes tolls the knell of parting day.
10. Persian for merschaum, or a kind of clay.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 231 (Last of the 16th Quarter)

HERE EAST MEETS WEST, DESPITE THE POET'S DICTUM;
THESE FLOWERS YOU KNOW BY NAME, AND MAY HAVE PICKT 'EM.
1 & 2. Wander! "Home-keeping youth have homely wits."
Both ends Light One, my heart Light Two just fits.
3. Expose yourself—he'll hit you without fail!
4. "Empress" (that was) "of this fair world" curtail.
5. "Be ruled by me! Go back, go back!" he cried.
Scourged, tortured, burnt to ashes—thus he died.
7. Abbreviate next the greatest of all lights.
8. Restricts the liberty of lawless wights.
9. You need a vacuum? 'Tis myself can make it!
10. If well deserved, then humbly let us take it.
11. From long-lived plant a tree now cut away.
12. Extract my heart, although your foes I slay!

Solution of Acrostic No. 231

R	oa	M ¹	snakes, etc.
O		A	
S	harpshoote	R	
E		Ve ²	
O	bstinat	E ³	
F	aithfu	L ³	" Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, i, 1.
S		Oi	
H	andcuf	F	2 " Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve."—Paradise Lost, ix, 568.
A	ir-pum	P	
R	ebulk	E	3 See The Pilgrim's Progress.
O		Rpine ⁴⁴	Orpine or Live-long (<i>Sedum Telephium</i>).
ichN	e	Umons ⁵⁵	The Ichneumon or Mongoose destroys

ACROSTIC No. 231.—The winner is Mr. E. P. Trendell, 24 Dene Road, Guildford, who has selected as his prize 'A Village on the Thames; Whitchurch, Yesterday and To-day,' by Sir Rickman J. Godlee, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed in our columns on August 21, under the title 'Village History.'

ALSO CORRECT.—Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Gay, Miss Kelly.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, Boskerris, Carlton, East Sheen, Lillian, N. O. Sellam, Madge, St. Ives, Trike.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Sisyphus, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

For Light 3 Snipe is accepted.

ACROSTIC No. 230.—One Light Wrong: A. de V. Blathwayt, Armadale, W. R. Wolsey, Iago, Edith A. Ford. Two Lights Wrong: Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, W. M. T. Powell.

OUR SIXTEENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich, S.E., who is requested to choose a book, not exceeding two guineas in value, reviewed by us during the past quarter. "Gay" was first with 138 out of a possible 145; Ceyx second, 137; Lillian, 136, third; Baldersby, 134, fourth; N. O. Sellam, 133, fifth; and Carlton, 132, sixth.

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